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Treatises writ by the same Author, most  
of them mention'd in the following  
Discourses; which will be speedily pub-  
lish'd.

*A Character of the Present Set of Wits  
in this Island.*

*A Panegyricall Essay upon the Number  
THREE.*

*A Dissertation upon the Principal Pro-  
ductions of Grub-street.*

*Letters upon a Dissection of Human Na-  
ture.*

*A Panegyrick upon the World.*

*An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, His-  
tori-theo-physi-logically consider'd.*

*A general History of Ears.*

*A modest Defence of the Proceedings of  
the Rabble in all Ages.*

*A Description of the Kingdom of Ab-  
surdities.*

*A Voyage into England, by a Person of  
Quality in Terra Australis incognita, trans-  
lated from the Original.*

*A Critical Essay upon the Art of Canting,  
Phylosophically, Physically and Musically con-  
sider'd.*



A  
T A L E  
O F A  
T U B.

Written for the Universal Improvement of Mankind.

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*Diu multumque desideratum.*

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To which is Added,  
An Account of a BATTLE  
between the Antient and Modern  
Books in St. James's Library.

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*Basima eacabasa eanaa irraurista, diarba da  
caeotaba fobor camelanthi. Iren. lib. I. c. 18.*

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*Juvatque novos decerpere flores,  
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,  
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. Lucret.*

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A N N O M. DCC. XI.

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TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**J O H N**  
Lord S O M M E R S.

*My* LORD,  
**T**HO the Author has written a large Dedication, yet That being address'd to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the Honour of being known to; a Person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present Writers: And I being wholly free from that Slavery, which Booksellers usually lie under, to the Caprices of Authors; I think it a wise Piece of Presumption to inscribe these Papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's Protection of them. God and your Lordship know their Faults

And their Merits; for as to my own Particular, I am altogether a Stranger to the Matter: and tho every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the Sale of the Book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your Lordship's Name on the Front, in Capital Letters, will at any time get off one Edition: Neither would I desire any other Help to grow an Alderman, than a Patent for the sole Privilege of Dedicating to your Lordship.

I SHOULD now, in right of a Dedicator, give your Lordship a List of your own Virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your Modesty: But, chiefly, I should celebrate your Liberality towards Men of great Parts and small Fortunes, and give you broad Hints that I mean my self. And I was just going on in the usual Method, to peruse a hundred or two of Dedications, and transcribe an Abstract, to be apply'd to your Lordship; but I was diverted by a certain Accident: For upon the Covers of these Papers, I casually observ'd, written in large Letters, the two following words, *DETUR DIGNISSIMO*; which, for ought I knew, might contain some important Meaning. But it unluckily fell out that none of the Authors I imploy understood Latin (tho I have them often in  
 Pay

Pay to translate out of that Language) I was therefore compel'd to have recourse to the Curate of our Parish, who english'd it thus, *Let it be given to the Worthiest*: And his Comment was, that the Author meant his Work should be dedicated to the sublimest Genius of the Age, for Wit, Learning, Judgment, Eloquence and Wisdom. I call'd at a Poet's Chamber ( who works for my Shop ) in an Alley hard by, shew'd him the Translation, and desir'd his Opinion, who it was that the Author could mean. He told me, after some Consideration, that Vanity was a thing he abhor'd; but by the Description, he thought himself to be the Person aim'd at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offer'd his own Assistance *gratis*, towards penning a Dedication to himself. I desir'd him, however, to give a second Guess: Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord *Sommers*. From thence I went to several other Wits of my Acquaintance, with no small Hazard and Weariness to my Person, from a prodigious number of dark winding Stairs; but found them all in the same Story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now your Lordship is to understand, that this Proceeding was not of my own Invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a Maxim, that those, to whom every



body allows the second Place, have an undoubted Title to the First.

THIS infallibly convinc'd me, that your Lordship was the Person intended by the Author : But being very unacquainted in the Stile and Form of Dedications, I imploy'd those Wits aforesaid to furnish me with Hints and Materials towards a Panegyrick upon your Lordship's Virtues.

IN two days they brought me ten Sheets of Paper, fill'd up on every side. They swore to me that they had ransack'd whatever could be found in the Characters of *Socrates*, *Aristides*, *Epaminondas*, *Cato*, *Tully*, *Atticus*, and other hard Names, which I cannot now recollect. However I have reason to believe they impos'd upon my Ignorance, because when I came to read over their Collections, there was not a Syllable there but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves ; therefore I grievously suspect a Cheat, and that these Authors of mine stole and transcrib'd every word from the universal Report of Mankind. So that I look upon my self as fifty Shillings out of Pocket to no manner of purpose

IF, by altering the Title, I could make the same Materials serve for another Dedication (as my Betters have done) it would help to make up my Loss; but I have made several Persons dip here and there in those Papers, and before they read three Lines, they have all assur'd me plainly, that they cannot possibly be apply'd to any Person besides your Lordship.

I EXPECTED, indeed, to have heard of your Lordship's Bravery at the Head of an Army; of your undaunted Courage in mounting a Breach, or scaling a Wall; or to have had your Pedigree trac'd in a Lineal Descent from the House of *Austria*; or of your wonderful Talent at Dress and Dancing; or your profound Knowledge in Algebra, Metaphysics, and the Oriental Tongues: but to ply the World with an old beaten Story of your Wit, and Eloquence, and Learning, and Wisdom, and Justice, and Politeness, and Candor, and Evenness of Temper in all Scenes of Life; of that great Discernment in discovering, and Readiness in favouring deserving Men; with forty other common Topicks; I confess I have neither Conscience nor Countenance to do it; because there is no Virtue, either of a publick or private Life,

which some Circumstances of your own have not often produc'd upon the Stage of the World. And those few, which for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have pass'd unseen or unobserv'd by your *Friends*, your *Enemies* have at length brought to Light.

T I S true, I should be very loth the bright Example of your Lordship's Virtues should be lost to After-Ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the History of a *late Reign*; and that is another Reason why I would forbear to make a Recital of them here: because I have been told by wise Men, that as Dedications have run for some Years past, a good Historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of Characters.

T H E R E is one Point, wherein I think we Dedicators would do well to change our Measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the Praise of our Patron's *Liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *Patience*. I can put no greater Compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Tho, perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much Merit to your Lordship upon that score;  
who

( II )

who having been formerly us'd to tedious Harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially when it is offer'd by one, who is, with all Respect and Veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

and most Faithful Servant,

*The Bookseller,*

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THE  
BOOKSELLER  
TO THE  
READER.

**I***T is now Six Years since these Papers came first to my Hand, which seems to have been about a Twelvemonth after they were writ; for the Author tells us, in his Preface to the first Treatise, that he hath calculated it for the Year 1697, and in several Passages of that Discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.*

*AS to the Author, I can give no manner of Satisfaction: However, I am credibly inform'd, that this Publication is without his Knowledg; for he concludes the Copy is lost, having lent it to a Person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: So that, whether the Work receiv'd his last Hand, or whether he intended to fill up the*

the defective Places, is like to remain a Secret.

IF I should go about to tell the Reader by what Accident I became Master of these Papers, it would, in this unbelieving Age, pass for a little more than the Cant or Jargon of the Trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and my self so unnecessary a Trouble. There yet remains a difficult Question, Why I publish'd them no sooner? I forbore upon two Accounts: First, Because I thought I had better Work upon my Hands: And, Secondly, Because I was not without some Hope of hearing from the Author, and receiving his Directions. But I have been lately alarm'd with Intelligence of a surreptitious Copy, which a certain great Wit had new polish'd and refin'd, or as our present Writers express themselves, fitted to the Humour of the Age; as they have already done, with great Felicity, to Don Quixot, Boccacini, La Bruyere, and other Authors. However, I thought it fairer Dealing to offer the whole Work in its Naturals. If any Gentleman will please to furnish me with a Key, in order to explain the more difficult Parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the Favour, and print it by it self.

THE  
Epistle Dedicatory,  
TO  
His Royal Highness  
Prince POSTERITY.

S I R,

**I** HERE present *your Highness* with the Fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short Intervals of a World of Business, and of an Employment quite alien from such Amusements as this. The poor Production of that Refuse of Time, which has lain heavy upon my hands during a long Prorogation of Parliament, a great Dearth of foreign News, and a tedious Fit of rainy Weather; for which, and other Reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a Patronage as that of *your Highness*, whose numberless Virtues, in  
so

so few years, make the World look upon you as the future Example to all Princes. For altho *your Highness* is hardly got clear of Infancy, yet has the universal learned World already resolv'd upon appealing to your future Dictates with the lowest and most resign'd Submission; Fate having decreed you sole Arbitrer of the Productions of human Wit, in this polite and most accomplish'd Age. Methinks the Number of Appellants were enough to shock and startle any Judg of a Genius less unlimited than yours; but in order to prevent such glorious Trials, the *Person*, it seems, to whose Care the Education of *your Highness* is committed, has resolv'd (as I am told) to keep you in almost an universal Ignorance of our Studies, which it is your inherent Birth-right to inspect.

IT is amazing to me that this *Person* should have Assurance, in the face of the Sun, to go about persuading *your Highness*, that our Age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produc'd one Writer upon any Subject. I know very well, that when *your Highness* shall come to riper years, and have gone thro the Learning of Antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the Authors of the very Age before you; and

to think that this *Insolent*, in the Account he is preparing for your View, designs to reduce them to a Number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention: It moves my Zeal and my Spleen for the Honour and Interest of our vast flourishing Body, as well as of my self, for whom I know by long Experience, he has profess'd and still continues a peculiar Malice.

'TIS not unlikely, that when *your Highness* will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your *Governour* upon the Credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our Productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well inform'd of his Designs) by asking *your Highness*, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a Demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found: Not to be found! Who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the Abyss of Things? 'Tis certain, that in their own Nature they were *light* enough to swim upon the Surface for all Eternity: Therefore the Fault is in him, who ty'd Weights so heavy to their Heels, as to depress them to the Center. Is their very Essence destroy'd? Who has annihilated them? Were they drown'd by *Purges*, or martyr'd



martyr'd by *Pipes* ? Who administer'd them to the Posteriors of — But that it may no longer be a Doubt with your *Highness*, who is to be the Author of this universal Ruin ; I beseech you to observe that large and terrible *Scythe* which your *Governour* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleas'd to remark the Length and Strength, the Sharpness and Hardness of his *Nails* and *Teeth*: Consider his baneful abominable *Breath*, Enemy to Life and Matter, infectious and corrupting: And then reflect, whether it be possible for any mortal Ink and Paper of this Generation to make a sutable Resistance. Oh! that your *Highness* would one day resolve to disarm this Usurping *Maitre de Palais* of his furious Engines, and bring your Empire *hors du Page*.

I T were endless to recount the several Methods of Tyranny and Destruction, which your *Governour* is pleas'd to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate Malice is such to the Writings of our Age, that of several Thousands produc'd yearly from this renown'd City, before the next Revolution of the Sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy Infants! many of them barbarously destroy'd, before they have so much as learnt their *Mother Tongue* to beg for Pity. Some he stifles

in their Cradles, others he frights into Convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive, others he tears Limb from Limb; great Numbers are offer'd to *Moloch*, and the rest, tainted by his Breath, die of a languishing Consumption.

BUT the Concern I have most at Heart, is for our Corporation of *Poets*, from whom I am preparing a Petition to *your Highness*, to be subscrib'd with the Names of One Hundred Thirty Six of the first Rate, but whose immortal Productions are never likely to reach your Eyes, tho each of them is now an humble and earnest Appellant for the Laurel, and has large comely Volumes ready to shew for a Support to his Pretensions. The *never-dying Works* of these illustrious Persons, your *Governour*, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable Death; and *your Highness* is to be made believe, that our Age has never arriv'd at the Honour to produce one single Poet.

WE confess *Immortality* to be a great and powerful Goddess, but in vain we offer up to her our Devotions and our Sacrifices, if *your Highness's Governour*, who has usurp'd the *Priesthood*, must by an unparallel'd Ambition and Avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

TO

TO affirm that our Age is altogether Unlearned, and devoid of Writers in any kind, seems to be an Assertion so bold and so false, that I have been sometime thinking, the contrary may almost be prov'd by uncontrollable Demonstration. 'Tis true indeed, that altho their Numbers be vast, and their Productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurry'd so hastily off the Scene, that they escape our Memory, and delude our Sight. When I first thought of this Address, I had prepar'd a copious list of *Titles* to present your Highness as an undisputed Argument for what I affirm. The Originals were posted fresh upon all Gates and Corners of Streets; but returning in a very few Hours to take a Review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their Places: I enquir'd after them among Readers and Booksellers, but I enquir'd in vain, the *Memorial of them was lost among Men, their Place was no more to be found*; and I was laugh'd to scorn, for a *Clown* and a *Pedant*, devoid of all Taste and Refinement, little vers'd in the Course of *present* Affairs, and that knew nothing of what had pass'd in the best Companies of Court and Town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highness, that we do abound in Learning and Wit; but to fix

upon

upon Particulars, is a Task too slippery for my slender Abilities. If I should venture in a windy Day, to affirm to *your Highness*, that there is a large Cloud near the *Horizon* in the Form of a *Bear*, another in the *Zenith* with the Head of an *Ass*, a third to the Westward with Claws like a *Dragon*; and *your Highness* should in a few Minutes think fit to examine the Truth; 'tis certain, they would be all chang'd in Figure and Position, new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon, would be, that Clouds there were; but that I was grossly mistaken in the *Zoography* and *Topography* of them.

BUT your *Governour*, perhaps, may still insist, and put the Question: What is then become of those immense Bales of Paper, which must needs have been employ'd in such Numbers of Books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an Objection? It ill befits the Distance between *your Highness* and me, to send you for ocular Conviction to a *Jakes* or an *Oven*; to the Windows of a *Bawdy-House*, or to a fordid *Lanthorn*. Books, like Men their Authors, have no more than one Way of coming into the World, but there are ten Thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I

I PROFESS to your *Highness* in the Integrity of my Heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this Minute I am writing; what Revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your Perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a Specimen of our Learning, our Politeness and our Wit. I do therefore affirm upon the Word of a sincere Man, that there is now actually in being, a certain Poet call'd *John Dryden*, whose Translation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large Folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for ought I know, is yet to be seen. There is another call'd *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make Oath that he has caus'd many Reams of Verse to be publish'd, whereof both himself and his Bookseller (if lawfully requir'd) can still produce authentick Copies, and therefore wonders why the World is pleas'd to make such a Secret of it. There is a third, known by the Name of *Tom Durfey*, a Poet of a vast Comprehension, an universal Genius, and most profound Learning. There are also one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, most profound Criticks. There is a Person stil'd Dr. *B-tl-y*, who has wrote near a thousand Pages of immense Erudition, giving a full and true Account of a certain



certain *Squabble* of wonderful Importance between himself and a Bookseller: He is a Writer of infinite Wit and Humour; no Man rallies with a better Grace, and in more spritful Turns. Further, I avow to *your Highness*, that with these Eyes I have beheld the Person of *William W---t---n*, B. D. who has written a good sizeable Volume against a *Friend of your Governour* (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little Favour) in a most gentlemanly Stile, adorn'd with utmost Politeness and Civility; replete with Discoveries equally valuable for their Novelty and Use: and embellish'd with *Traits* of Wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy Yoke-mate to his foremention'd *Friend*.

WHY should I go upon farther Particulars, which might fill a Volume with the just Elogies of my cotemporary Brethren? I shall bequeath this Piece of Justice to a larger Work; wherein I intend to write a Character of the present Set of *Wits* in our Nation: Their Persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their Genius and Understandings in *Mignature*.

IN the mean time, I do here make bold to present *your Highness* with a faithful Abstract drawn from the Universal Body

dy of all Arts and Sciences, intended wholly for your Service and Instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but *your Highness* will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable Improvements, as *other young Princes* have already done by the many Volumes of late Years written for a Help to their Studies.

THAT *your Highness* may advance in Wisdom and Virtue, as well as Years, and at last out-shine all your Royal Ancestors, shall be the daily Prayer of,

S I R,

Decemb.  
1697.

Your Highness's

Most Devoted, &c.

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THE

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T H E  
P R E F A C E .

**T**HE Wits of the present Age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the Grandees of *Church* and *State* begin to fall under horrible Apprehensions, lest these Gentlemen during the Intervals of a long Peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much Thought employ'd of late upon certain Projects for taking off the Force and Edge of those formidable Enquiries, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate Points. They have at length fix'd upon one, which will require some Time as well as Cost to perfect. Mean while, the Danger hourly increasing, by new Levies of Wits, all appointed (as there is

B reason

reason to fear) with Pen, Ink and Paper, which may at an Hour's warning be drawn out into Pamphlets, and other offensive Weapons, ready for immediate Execution: It was judg'd of absolute necessity, that some present Expedient be thought on, till the main Design can be brought to Maturity. To this End, at a Grand Committee, some days ago, this important Discovery was made by a certain curious and refined Observer; That Seamen have a Custom, when they meet a Whale, to fling him out an empty Tub, by way of Amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the Ship. This Parable was immediately mythologiz'd: The Whale was interpreted to be *Hobbes's Leviathan*, which tosses and plays with all other Schemes of Religion and Government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to Rotation. This is the *Leviathan* from whence the terrible Wits of our Age are said to borrow their Weapons. The Ship in danger, is easily understood to be its old Antitype the *Commonwealth*. But how to analyze the *Tub* was a Matter of Difficulty; when after long Enquiry and Debate, the literal Meaning was preserv'd: and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these *Leviathans* from tossing and sporting with

the *Commonwealth*, (which of it self is too apt to *fluctuate* ) they should be diverted from that Game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And my Genius being conceiv'd to lie not unhappily that way, I had the Honour done me to be engag'd in the Performance.

THIS is the sole Design in publishing the following Treatise, which I hope will serve for an *Interim* of some Months to employ those unquiet Spirits, till the perfecting of that great Work: into the Secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous Reader should have some little Light.

IT is intended that a large Academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three Persons; which by modest Computation is reckon'd to be pretty near the current Number of *Wits* in this Island. These are to be dispos'd into the several Schools of this Academy, and there pursue those Studies to which their Genius most inclines them. The Undertaker himself will publish his Proposals with all convenient speed, to which I shall refer the curious Reader, for a more particular Account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal Schools. There is, first, a large *Pedastick*



*raſtick* School, with *French* and *Italian* Masters. There is alſo the *Spelling* School, a very ſpacious Building: The School of *Looking-Glaſſes*: The School of *Swearing*: The School of *Criticks*: The School of *Salivation*: The School of *Hobby-Horſes*: The School of *Poetry*: The School of *Tops*: The School of *Spleen*: The School of *Gaming*: with many others too tedious to recount. No Perſon to be admitted Member into any of theſe Schools, without an Atteſtation under two ſufficient Perſons Hands, certifying him to be a *Wit*.

BUT to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal Duty of a Preface, if my Genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forc'd my Imagination to make the *Tower* of my Invention, and thrice it has return'd empty; the latter having been wholly drain'd by the following Treatiſe. Not ſo, my more ſucceſſful Brethren the *Moderns*, who will by no means let ſlip a Preface or Dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing Stroke, to ſurprize the Reader at the Entry, and kindle a wonderful Expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious Poet, who ſolliciting his Brain for ſomething new, compar'd himſelf to the *Hangman*, and his Patron to the

the Patient: This was \* *Insigne*,  
*recens, indictum ore alio.* When  
 I went thro that necessary and  
 noble † Course of Study, I had  
 the Happiness to observe many  
 such egregious Touches, which  
 I shall not injure the Authors by trans-  
 planting; because I have remark'd, that  
 nothing is so very tender as a *Modern*  
 Piece of Wit, and which is apt to suffer  
 so much in the Carriage. Some things  
 are extremely witty *to day*, or *fasting*, or  
*in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a*  
*Bottle*, or *spoke by Mr. Whard'yecallum*,  
 or *in a Summer's Morning*; any of which,  
 by the smallest Transposal or Misapplica-  
 tion, is utterly annihilate. Thus *Wit* has  
 its Walks and Purliens, out of which it  
 may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon  
 peril of being lost. The *Moderns* have  
 artfully fix'd this *Mercury*, and reduc'd it  
 to the Circumstances of Time, Place and  
 Person. Such a Jest there is, that will  
 not pass out of *Covent-Garden*; and such  
 a one, that is no where intelligible but at  
*Hide-Park Corner*. Now, tho it some-  
 times tenderly affects me to consider, that  
 all the towardsly Passages I shall deliver in  
 the following Treatise, will grow quite  
 out of date and relish with the first shift-  
 ing of the present Scene; yet I must need  
 subscribe to the Justice of this Proceeding:

\* *Hor.*† *Reading*  
*Prefaces,*  
*&c.*

because I cannot imagine why we should be at expence to furnish Wit for succeeding Ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours; wherein I speak the Sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most Orthodox Refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplish'd Person, who has got into the Taste of Wit calculated for this present Month of *August* 1697. should descend to the very bottom of all the *Sublime* throughout this Treatise; I hold it fit to lay down this general Maxim. Whatever Reader desires to have a thorow Comprehension of an Author's Thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the Circumstances and Posture of Life that the Writer was in, upon every important Passage as it flow'd from his Pen; for this will introduce a Parity and strict Correspondance of Ideas between the Reader and the Author. Now, to assist the diligent Reader in so delicate an Affair, as far as Brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest Pieces of this Treatise, were conceiv'd in Bed, in a Garret: At other times (for a Reason best known to my self) I thought fit to sharpen my Invention with Hunger; and in general, the whole Work was begun, continu'd, and ended, under a long Course

Course of Physick, and a great want of Money. Now I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid Peruser to go along with me in a great many bright Passages, unless upon the several Difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these Directions. And this I lay down as my principal *Postulatum*.

BECAUSE I have profess'd to be a most devoted Servant of all *Modern* Forms, I apprehend some curious *Wit* may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a Preface, without declaiming, according to the Custom, against the Multitude of Writers, whereof the whole Multitude of Writers most reasonably complains. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of Prefaces, wherein the Authors do at the very beginning address the gentle Reader concerning this enormous Grievance. Of these I have preserv'd a few Examples, and shall set them down as near as my Memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus ;

*For a Man to set up for a Writer, when the Press swarms with, &c.*

Another ;

*The Tax upon Paper does not lessen the Number of Scriblers, who daily pester, &c.*

Another ;

*When every little Would-be-wit takes Pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the Lists, &c.*

Another ;

*To observe what Trash the Press swarms with, &c.*

Another ;

*S I R, It is merely in Obedience to your Commands that I venture into the Publick; for who upon a less Consideration would be of a Party with such a Rabble of Scribes? &c.*

NOW I have two Words in my own Defence, against this Objection. First, I am far from granting the Number of Writers a Nuisance to our Nation, having strenuously maintain'd the contrary in several Parts of the following Discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the Justice of this Proceeding, because I observe many of these polite Prefaces to be not only from the same Hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several Productions. Upon which I shall tell the Reader a short Tale.

*A Mountebank in Leicester-Fields had drawn a huge Assembly about him. Among  
the*



the rest, a fat unwieldy Fellow, half stifled in the Press, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Croud is here! Pray, good People, give way a little! Bless me! what a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together: Z — ds, what squeezing is this! Honest Friend, remove your Elbow, At last a Weaver that stood next him could hold no longer: A Plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown Sloven; and who (in the Devil's Name) I wonder helps to make up the Croud half so much as yourself? Don't you consider (with a Pox) that you take up more room with that Carcass than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass (and be d — — n'd) and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

THERE are certain common Privileges of a Writer, the Benefit whereof, I hope there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couch'd underneath: And again, that whatever Word or Sentence is printed in a different Character, shall be judg'd to contain something extraordinary either of Wit or Sublime.

A S for the Liberty I have thought fit to take of praising my self, upon some occasions or none; I am sure it will need no Excuse, if a multitude of great Examples be allow'd sufficient Authority: For it is here to be noted, that *Praise* was originally a Pension paid by the World; but the Moderns finding the Trouble and Charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *Fee-Simple*: since which time, the Right of Presentation is wholly in our selves. For this reason it is, that when an Author makes his own Eloggy, he uses a certain Form to declare and insist upon his Title, which is commonly in these or the like words, *I speak without Vanity*; which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of Right and Justice. Now I do here once for all declare, that in every Encounter of this nature, thro the following Treatise, the Form aforesaid is imply'd; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

'TIS a great Ease to my Conscience, that I have writ so elaborate and useful a Discourse without one grain of Satyr intermix'd; which is the sole Point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous Originals of our Age and Country. I have observ'd some Satyrists to use the  
Publick

Publick much at the rate that Pedants do a naughty Boy ready hors'd for Discipline; first expostulate the Case, then plead the Necessity of the Rod, from great Provocations, and conclude every period with a Lash. Now if I know any thing of Mankind, these Gentlemen might very well spare their Reproof and Correction: for there is not thro' all Nature another so callous and insensible a Member as *the World's Posteriors*, whether you apply to it the *Toe* or the *Birch*. Besides, most of our late Satyrists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because Nettles have the Prerogative to sting, therefore all *other Weeds* must do so too. I make not this Comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy Writers: for it is well known among *Mythologists*, that *Weeds* have the pre-eminence over all other Vegetables; and therefore the first *Monarch* of this Island, whose Taste and Judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the *Roses* from the Collar of *the Order*, and plant the *Thistles* in their stead, as the nobler Flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectur'd by profounder Antiquaries, that the Satyrical Itch, so prevalent in this part of our Island, was first brought among us from beyond the *Tweed*. Here may it long flourish and abound; may it survive  
and

and neglect the Scorn of the World, with as much Ease and Contempt as the World is insensible to the Lashes of it. May their own Dulness, or that of their Party, be no discouragement for the Authors to proceed ; but let them remember, it is with *Wits* as with *Razors*, which are never so apt to cut those they are employ'd on, as when they have *lost their Edge*. Besides, those whose Teeth are too rotten to bite, are best of all others qualify'd to revenge that Defect with their Breath.

I AM not like other Men, to envy or undervalue the Talents I cannot reach ; for which reason I must needs bear a true Honour to this large eminent Sect of our *British* Writers. And I hope this little Panegyrick will not be offensive to their Ears, since it has the advantage of being only design'd for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order, that Fame and Honour should be purchas'd at a better Pennyworth by Satyr, than by any other Productions of the Brain ; the World being soonest provok'd to *Praise* by *Lashes*, as Men are to *Love*. There is a Problem in an antient Author, why Dedications, and other Bundles of Flattery, run all upon stale musty Topicks, without the smallest Tincture of any thing new ; not only to the torment and nauseating of the

*Christian*

*Christian* Reader, but (if not suddenly prevented) to the universal spreading of that pestilent Disease the Lethargy in this Island. Whereas there is very little Satyr which has not something in it untouch'd before. The Defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of Invention among those who are Dealers in that kind: but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the Solution being easy and natural. For the Materials of Panegyrick being very few in number, have been long since exhausted: for as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas Diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily Additions; so all the Virtues that have been ever in Mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers, but his Follies and Vices are innumerable, and Time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor Poet can do, is to get by heart a List of the Cardinal Virtues, and deal them with his utmost Liberality to his Hero or his Patron: He may ring the Changes as far as it will go, and vary his Phrase till he has talk'd round; but the Reader quickly finds, it is all  
 \* *Pork*, with a little variety of \* *Plutarch's*  
 Sauce: For there is no inventing Terms of Art beyond our Ideas; and when Ideas are exhausted, Terms of Art must be so too.

BUT



BUT tho' the Matter for Panegyrick were as fruitful as the Topicks of Satyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient Reason, why the latter will be alway better receiv'd than the first : For this being bestow'd only upon one or a few Persons at a time, is sure to raise Envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the Blessing : The Satyr being level'd at all, is never resented for an Offence by any : since every individual Person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular Part of the Burden upon the Shoulders of the World, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose I have sometimes reflected upon the Difference between *Athens* and *England*, with respect to the Point before us. In the *Athens* \* *Vid. Xenoph.* *tick* \* Commonwealth, it was the Privilege and Birth-Right of every Citizen and Poet to rail aloud and in publick, or to expose upon the Stage, by Name, any Person they pleas'd, tho' of the greatest Figure, whether a *Creon*, an *Hyperbolus*, an *Alcibiades*, or a *Demosthenes* : But on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the People in general, was immediately caught up, and reveng'd upon the Authors, however considerable



considerable for their Quality or their Merits. Whereas in *England* it is just the Reverse of all this: Here you may securely display your utmost *Rhetorick* against Mankind, in the face of the World; tell them, "That all are gone astray; "That there is none that doth Good, no "not one; that we live in the very Dregs "of Time; that Knavery and Atheism "are Epidemick as the Pox; that Honesty "is fled with *Astraea*; with any other common Places equally new and eloquent, which are furnish'd by the

\* *Splendida bilis*. And when \* *Horace*.

you have done, the whole Audience, far from being offended, shall return you Thanks, as a Deliverer of precious and useful Truths. Nay further, it is but to venture your Lungs, and you may preach in *Covent-Garden* against Foppery and Fornication, and something else; against Pride, and Dissimulation, and Bribery at *Whitehall*. You may expose Rapine and Injustice in the *Ians of Court* Chappel; and in a *City-Pulpit* be as fierce as you please against Avarice, Hypocrisy and Extortion. 'Tis but a *Ball* bandy'd to and fro, and every Man carries a *Racket* about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the Company. But on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop

drop but a single Hint in publick : How *such a one* starv'd half the Fleet, and half poison'd the rest : How *such a one*, from a true Principle of *Love* and *Honour*, pays no Debts but for *Wenches* and *Play* : How *such a one* has got a Clap, and runs out of his Estate : How *Paris*, brib'd by *Juno* and *Venus*, loth to offend either Party, slept out the whole Cause on the Bench : Or how *such an Orotor* makes long Speeches in the Senate, with much Thought, little Sense, and to no Purpose. Whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprison'd for *Scandalum Magnatum*; to have *Challenges* sent him, to be su'd for *Defamation*, and to be brought before the Bar of the House.

BUT I forget that I am expatiating on a Subject, wherein I have no Concern, having neither a Talent nor an Inclination for Satyr. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfy'd with the whole present Procedure of human things, that I have been for some years preparing Materials towards *A Panegyrick upon the World*; to which I intended to add a second Part, intitled, *A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages*. Both these I had Thoughts to publish by way of Appendix to the following Treatise;

tise ; but finding my Common-Place-Book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that Design by a certain Domestick Misfortune, in the Particulars whereof, tho' it would be very seasonable, and much in the *modern* way, to inform the *gentle Reader*, and would also be of great Assistance towards extending this Preface into the Size now in vogue, which by Rule ought to be *large*, in proportion as the subsequent Volume is *small* ; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient Reader from any farther Attendance at the *Porch* ; and having duly prepar'd his Mind by a Preliminary Discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime Mysteries that ensue.

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S E C T. I.

*The* I N T R O D U C T I O N .

**W**H O E V E R hath an  
Ambition to be heard  
in a Croud, must press,  
and squeeze, and thrust,  
and climb with indifa-  
tigable Pains, till he has exalted himself  
to a certain Degree of Altitude above  
them. Now in all Assemblies, tho you  
wedg them ever so close, we may observe  
this peculiar property , that over their  
Heads



Heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult Point, it being as hard to get quit of *Number* as of *Hell*;

————— *Evadere ad auras,*  
*Hoc opus, hic labor est.* —————

**T**O this end the Philosophers way, in all Ages, has been by erecting certain *Edifices in the Air*; but whatever Practice and Reputation these kind of Structures have formerly possess'd, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of *Socrates*, when he was suspended in a Basket to help Contemplation; I think, with due Submission, they seem to labour under two Inconveniencies. First, That the Foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *Sight*, and ever out of *Hearing*. Secondly, That the Materials being very transitory, have suffer'd much from Inclemencies of Air, especially in these North-West Regions.

**T**HEREFORE toward the just Performance of this great Work, there remain but three Methods that I can think on; whereof the Wisdom of our Ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring Adventures, thought fit to erect three wooden Machines, for the use of those Orators who desire to talk  
much

much without Interruption. These are the *Pulpit*, the *Ladder*, and the *Stage-Itinerant*: For as to the *Bar*, tho it be compounded of the same Matter, and design'd for the same Use, it cannot however be well allow'd the Honour of a fourth, by reason of its Level or inferior Situation, exposing it to perpetual Interruption from Collaterals. Neither can the *Bench* it self, tho rais'd to a proper Eminency, put in a better Claim, whatever its Advocates insist on: For if they please to look into the original design of its Erection, and the Circumstances or Adjuncts subservient to that Design, they will soon acknowledg the present Practice exactly correspondent to the Primitive Institution, and both to answer the Etymology of the Name, which in the *Phœnician* Tongue is a word of great Signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *The Place of Sleep*; but in common Acceptation, *A Seat well bolster'd and cushion'd, for the Repose of old and gouty Limbs*; *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*. Fortune being indebted to them this part of Retaliation, that as formerly they have long talk'd, whilst others slept, so now they may sleep as long whilst others talk.

BUT if no other Argument could occur to exclude the *Bench* and the *Bar* from the

the List of Oratorical Machines, it were sufficient that the Admission of them would overthrow a Number, which I was resolv'd to establish, whatever Argument it might cost me: In imitation of that prudent Method observ'd by many other Philosophers and great Clerks, whose chief Art in Division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical Number, which their Imaginations have render'd sacred to a Degree, that they force common Reason to find room for it in every part of Nature; reducing, including and adjusting every *Genus* and *Species* within that Compass, by coupling some against their Wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound Number *THREE* is that which hath most employ'd my sublimest Speculations, nor ever without wonderful Delight. There is now in the Press (and will be publish'd next Term) a Panegyrical Essay of mine upon this Number; wherein I have, by most convincing Proofs, not only reduc'd the *Senses* and the *Elements* under its Banner, but brought over several Deferers from its two great Rivals *SEVEN* and *NINE*.

NOW the first of these Oratorical Machines in Place as well as Dignity, is the *Pulpit*. Of *Pulpits* there are in this Island several

several sorts ; but I esteem only That made of Timber from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our Climate. If it be upon its Decay, 'tis the better, both for Conveyance of Sound, and for other Reasons to be mention'd by and by. The Degree of Perfection in Shape and Size, I take to consist, in being extremely narrow, with little Ornament, and best of all without a Cover (for by antient Rule, it ought to be the only uncover'd *Vessel* in every Assembly where it is rightfully us'd) by which means, from its near Resemblance to a Pillory, it will ever have a mighty Influence on human Ears.

OF Ladders I need say nothing. 'Tis observ'd by Foreigners themselves, to the Honour of our Country, that we excel all Nations in our Practice and Understanding of this Machine. The ascending Orators do not only oblige their Audience in the agreeable Delivery, but the whole World in their *early* Publication of their Speeches ; which I look upon as the choicest Treasury of our *British* Eloquence, and whereof, I am inform'd, that worthy Citizen and Bookseller, Mr. *John Dunton*, hath made a faithful and a painful Collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve Volumes in Folio, illustrated with Copper Plates. A Work highly

highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a Hand.

THE last Engine of Orators, is the *Stage-Itinerant*, erected with much Sagacity, *sub Fove pluvio, in triviis & quadriviis*. It is the great Seminary of the two former, and its Orators are sometimes prefer'd to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their Deservings, their being a strict and perpetual Intercourse between all three.

FROM this accurate Deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining Attention in Publick, there is of necessity requir'd a *superior Position of Place*. But altho this Point be generally granted, yet the Cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few Philosophers have fallen into a true natural Solution of this *Phenomenon*. The deepest Account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That Air being a heavy Body, and therefore (according to the System of \* *Epicurus*) continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and press'd down by words; which are also Bodies of much Weight and Gravity, as it is manifest from those deep Impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore

\* *Lucret.*  
*lib. 2.*

mult



must be deliver'd from a due Altitude, or else they will neither carry a good Aim, nor fall down with a sufficient Force.

*Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,*

*Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere Sensus. Lucr. lib. 4.*

AND I am the readier to favour this Conjecture from a common Observation, That in the several Assemblies of these Orators, Nature it self hath instructed the Hearers to stand with their Mouths open, and erected parallel to the Horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular Line from the Zenith to the Center of the Earth. In which Position, if the Audience be well compact, every one carries home a Share, and little or nothing is lost.

I CONFESS there is something yet more refin'd in the Contrivance and Structure of our modern Theatres. For first the Pit is sunk below the Stage, with due regard to the Institution above-deduc'd: That whatever *weighty* Matter shall be deliver'd thence (whether it be *Lead* or *Gold*) may fall plum into the Jaws of certain *Criticks* (as I think they are call'd) which stand ready open to de-

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your them. Then, the Boxes are built round, and rais'd to a level with the Scene, in deference to the Ladies ; because, that large Portion of Wit laid out in raising Pruriences and Protuberencies, is observ'd to run much upon a Line, and ever in a Circle. The whining Passions and little starv'd Conceits, are gently waisted up by their own extreme Levity, to the middle Region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid Understandings of the Inhabitants. Bombast and Buffoonry, by Nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and wou'd be lost in the Roof, if the prudent Architect had not with much Foresight contriv'd for them a fourth Place, call'd *the Twelve-penny Gallery*, and there planted a sutable Colony, who greedily intercept them in their Passage.

NOW this Physico-logical Scheme of Oratorical Receptacles or Machines, contains a great Mystery, being a Type, a Sign, an Emblem, a Shadow, a Symbol, bearing Analogy to the spacious Commonwealth of Writers, and to those Methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain Eminency above the inferior World. By the *Pulpit* are adumbrated the Writings of our *Modern Saints* in *Great Britain*, as they have spiritualiz'd and refin'd them from the Dross and Grossness of

Sense

*Sense and Human Reason.* The Matter, as we have said, is of rotten Wood, and that upon two Considerations; because it is the Quality of rotten Wood to *Light* in the Dark; and secondly, because its Cavities are full of Worms: which is a Type with a pair of Handles, having a respect to the two principal Qualifications of the Orator, and the two different Fates attending upon his Works.

THE *Ladder* is an adequate Symbol of *Faction* and of *Poetry*, to both of which so noble a number of Authors are indebted for their Fame. Of *Faction*, because

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*		
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*	*	*	*	*	*		

*Hiatus in MS.*

Of *Poetry*, because its Orators do *perorare* with a Song; and because climbing up by slow Degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many Steps of the Top: And because it is a Preferment attain'd by transferring of Propriety, and a confounding of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

U N D E R the *Stage-itinerant* are couch'd those Productions design'd for the Pleasure and Delight of Mortal Man; such as, *Six-penny worth of Wit*, West-

minister *Drolleries*, *Delightful Tales*, *Com-  
pleat Jesters*, and the like ; by which the  
Writers of and for *GRUB-STREET*,  
have in these later Ages so nobly tri-  
umph'd over *Time* ; have clip'd his Wings,  
par'd his Nails, fil'd his Teeth, turn'd  
back his Hour-Glass, blunted his Scythe,  
and drawn the Hob-Nails out of his  
Shoes. It is under this Classis, I have  
presum'd to list my present Treatise,  
being just come from having the Ho-  
nour confer'd upon me, to be adopted a  
Member of that illustrious Fraternity.

NOW, I am not unaware, how the  
Productions of the *Grub-street* Brother-  
hood, have of late Years fallen under ma-  
ny Prejudices ; nor how it has been the  
perpetual Employment of two *Junior*  
start up Societies, to ridicule them and  
their Authors, as unworthy their esta-  
blish'd Post in the Commonwealth of  
Wit and Learning. Their own Con-  
sciences will easily inform them, whom I  
mean ; nor has the World been so neg-  
ligent a Looker on, as not to observe the  
continual Efforts made by the Societies  
of *Gresham* and of *Will's*, to edify a  
Name and Reputation upon the Ruin of  
OURS. And this is yet a more feeling  
Grief to Us upon the Regards of Ten-  
derness as well as of Justice, when we  
reflect

reflect on their (Proceedings, not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For, how can it be forgot by the World or themselves, (to say nothing of our own Records, which are full and clear in the Point) that they both are Seminaries, not only of our *Planting*, but our *Watring* too? I am inform'd, our two *Rivals* have lately made an Offer to enter into the Lists with united Forces, and challenge us to a Comparison of Books, both as to *Weight* and *Number*. In return to which, (with Licence from our *President*) I humbly offer two Answers: First, we say, the Proposal is like that which *Archimedes* made upon a \* *smaller* Affair, including an Impossibility in the Practice; for, where can they find Scales of *Capacity* enough for the first, or an Arithmetician of *Capacity* enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the Challenge, but with this condition, that a third indifferent Person be assign'd, to whose impartial Judgment it shall be left to decide, which Society each Book, Treatise or Pamphlet do most properly belong to. This Point, God knows, is very far from being fix'd at present; for, we are ready to produce a Catalogue of some Thousands, which in all common Justice ought to be entitled

\* Viz. *About moving the Earth.*



to our Fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled Writers, most perfidiously ascrib'd to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our Prudence, that the Determination should be remitted to the Authors themselves; when our Adversaries by briguing and caballing, have caus'd so universal a Defection from us, that the greatest Part of our Society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest Friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half asham'd to own us.

THIS is the utmost I am authoriz'd to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a Subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a Controversy, whose Continuance may be so fatal to the Interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably compos'd: and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two *Prodigals* with open Arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their *Husks* and their *Harlots*; which I think from the \* present Course of their Studies they most properly may be said to be engag'd in; and like an indulgent Parent, continue to them our Affection and our Blessing.

\* *Virtuoso Experiments, and Modern Comedies.*

BUT

BUT the greatest Maim given to that general Reception, which the Writings of our Society have formerly receiv'd, next to the transitory State of all sublunary things, hath been a superficial Vein among many Readers of the present Age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the Surface and the Rind of things; whereas, *Wisdom* is a *Fox*, who after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: 'Tis a *Cheese*, which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser Coat; and whereof to a judicious Palate, the *Maggots* are the best. 'Tis a *Sack-Poffet*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. *Wisdom* is a *Hen*, whose *Cackling* we must value and consider, because it is attended with an *Egg*. But then, lastly, 'tis a *Nut*, which, unless you chuse with Judgment, may cost you a *Tooth*, and pay you with nothing but a *Worm*. In consequence of these momentous Truths, the *Grubean* Sages have always chosen to convey their Precepts and their Arts, shut up within the Vehicles of Types and Fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has far'd with these Vehicles after the usual Fate of Coaches over finely painted

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and gilt; that the transitory Gazers have so dazled their Eyes, and fill'd their Imaginations with the outward Lustre, as neither to regard or consider the Person or the Parts of the Owner within. A Misfortune we undergo with somewhat less Reluctuancy, because it has been common to us with *Pythagoras*, *Aesop*, *Socrates*, and other of our Predecessors.

HOWEVER, that neither the World nor our selves may any longer suffer by such Misunderstandings, I have been prevail'd on, after much Importunity from my Friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious Dissertation upon the prime Productions of our Society; which, besides their beautiful Externals for the Gratification of superficial Readers, have darkly and deeply couch'd under them, the most finish'd and refin'd Systems of all Sciences and Arts: as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by Exantlation, or display by Incision.

THIS great Work was enter'd upon some Years ago, by one of our most eminent Members: He began with the History of *Reynard the Fox*, but neither liv'd to publish his Essay, nor to proceed further in so useful an Attempt; which is  
very

very much to be lamented, because the Discovery he made, and communicated with his Friends, is now universally receiv'd; nor do I think, any of the Learned will dispute that famous Treatise to be a compleat Body of Civil Knowledge, and the *Revelation*, or rather the *Apocalyse* of all State *Arcana*. But the Progress I have made is much greater, having already finish'd my Annotations upon several Dozens; from some of which, I shall impart a few Hints to the candid Reader, as far as will be necessary to the Conclusion to which I aim.

THE first Piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose Author was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher. This dark Treatise contains the whole Scheme of the *Metempsychosis*, deducing the Progress of the Soul thro all her Stages.

THE next is *Dr. Faustus*, pen'd by *Artephius*, an Author *bonæ notæ*, and an *Adeptus*; he publish'd it in the \* Nine Hundred Eighty \* He liv'd a Thousand. Fourth Year of his Age. This Writer proceeds wholly by *Reinerudation*, or in the *via humida*: And the Marriage between *Faustus* and *Helen*, does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the *Male* and *Female Dragon*.

**WHITTINGTON** *and his Cat*, is the Work of that *Mysterious Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi*; containing a Defence of the *Gemara* of the *Jerusalem Misna*, and its just preference to that of *Babylon*, contrary to the vulgar Opinion.

**THE Hind and Panther.** This is the Master-piece of a famous Writer \* now living, intended for a compleat Abstract of Sixteen Thousand Schoolmen from *Seotus* to *Bellarmin*.

\* Viz. in the Year 1697.

**TOMMY Potts.** Another Piece suppos'd by the same Hand, by way of Supplement to the former.

**THE Wise Man of Gotham, cum Appendix.** This is a Treatise of immense Erudition, being the great Original and Fountain of those Arguments bandy'd about both in *France* and *England*, for a just Defence of the *Moderns* Learning and Wit, against the *Presumption*, the *Pride*, and the *Ignorance* of the *Antients*. This unknown Author hath so exhausted the Subject, that a penetrating Reader will easily discover, whatever hath been written since upon that Dispute, to be little more than Repetition. An Abstract of this.



this Treatise hath been lately publish'd  
by a *worthy Member* of our Society.

THESE Notices may serve to give the Learned Reader an Idea as well as a Taste of what the whole Work is likely to produce : wherein I have now altogether circumscrib'd my Thoughts and my Studies ; and if I can bring it to a Perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employ'd the poor Remains of an unfortunate Life. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a Quill worn to the Pith in the Service of the State, in *Pro's* and *Con's* upon *Popish Plots*, and *Meal-Tubs*, and *Exclusion Bills*, and *Passive Obedience*, and *Addreses of Lives and Fortunes* ; and *Prerogative*, and *Popery*, and *Liberty of Conscience*, and *Letters to a Friend* : from an Understanding and a Conscience, thread bare and ragged with perpetual turning ; from a Head broken in a hundred Places, by the Malignants of the opposite Factions ; and from a Body spent with Poxes ill cur'd, by trusting to Bawds and Surgeons, who, (as it afterwards appear'd) were profess'd Enemies to me and the Government, and reveng'd their Party's Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins. Fourscore and Eleven Pamphlets have I writ under three Reigns, and for the Service of Six and Thirty Factions.

Bat

But finding the State has no farther Occasion for me and my Ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into Speculations more becoming a Philosopher; having, to my unspeakable Comfort, pass'd a long Life, with a *Conscience void of Offence towards God and towards Men.*

BUT to return: I am assur'd from the Reader's Candor, that the brief Specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our Society's Productions from an Aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of Envy and Ignorance; That they are of little farther Use or Value to Mankind, beyond the common Entertainments of their Wit and their Stile: For these, I am sure, have never yet been disputed by our keenest Adversaries: In both which, as well as the more profound and mystical Part, I have throughout this Treatise closely follow'd the most applauded Originals. And to render all compleat, I have with much Thought and Application of Mind, so order'd, that the chief Title prefix'd to it, (I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common Conversations of Court and Town) is model'd exactly after the manner peculiar to *Our Society.*

I CONFESS to have been somewhat liberal in the Business of  
 \* Titles, having observ'd the Humour of multiplying 'em, to bear great Vogue among certain Writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed, it seems not unreasonable, that Books, the Children of the Brain, should have the honour to be christen'd with variety of Names, as well as other Infants of Quality. Our famous *Dryden* has ventur'd to proceed a Point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a Multiplicity of \* *Godfathers* ; which is an Improvement of much more Advantage, upon a very obvious account. 'Tis a pity this admirable Invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general Imitation, when such an Author serves it for a Precedent. Nor have my Endeavours been wanting to second so useful an Example : but it seems, there is an unhappy Expence usually annex'd to the Calling of a Godfather, which was clearly out of my Head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the Pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm ; but having employ'd a world of Thoughts and Pains, to split my Treatise into forty  
 Sections,

\* The Title-Page in the Original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several Titles which the Author here speaks of.

\* See Virgil translated, &c.

Sections, and having intreated forty Lords of my Acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it Matter of Conscience, and sent me their Excuses.

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## S E C T. II.

**O**NCE upon a time, there was a Man who had three Sons by one Wife, and all at a Birth, neither could the Midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their Father died while they were young, and upon his Death-bed, calling the Lads to him, spoke thus :

*S O N S, because I have purchas'd no Estate, nor was born to any, I have long consider'd of some good Legacies to bequeath you ; and at last, with much Care as well as Experience, have provided each of you (here they are) a new Coat. Now you are to understand, that these Coats have two Virtues contain'd in them : One is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live ; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your Bodies, lengthning and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you before I die.*

*So,*

So, very well! Pray Children wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my Will (here it is) full Instructions in every Particular concerning the Wearing and Management of your Coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the Penalties I have appointed for every Transgression or Neglect, upon which your future Fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my Will, that you shall live together in one House like Brethren and Friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

HERE the Story says, this good Father died, and the three Sons went all together to seek their Fortunes.

I SHALL not trouble you with recounting what Adventures they met for the first seven Years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observ'd their Father's Will, and kept their Coats in very good order; that they travel'd thro several Countries, encounter'd a reasonable Quantity of Giants, and slew certain Dragons.

BEING now arriv'd at the proper Age for producing themselves, they came up to Town, and fell in love with the Ladies, but especially three, who about that time  
were



were in chief Reputation; the Dutcheſs *d' Argent*, Madame *de Grands Titres*, and the Counteſs *d' Orgueil*. On their firſt appearance, our three Adventurers met with a very bad Reception; and ſoon with great Sagacity gueſſing out the reaſon, they quickly began to improve in the good Qualities of the Town: They writ and railly'd, and rhym'd, and ſung, and ſaid, and ſaid nothing: They drank, and fought, and whor'd, and ſlept, and ſwore, and took ſnuff: They went to new Plays on the firſt Night, haunted the Chocolate-Houſes, beat the Watch, lay on Bulks, and got Claps: They bilk'd Hackney-Coachmen, ran in debt with Shopkeepers, and lay with their Wives: They kill'd Bailiffs, kick'd Fiddlers down Stairs, eat at *Locket's*, loiter'd at *Will's*: They talk'd of the Drawing-Room, and never came there; dined with Lords they never ſaw; whisper'd a Dutcheſs, and ſpoke never a word; expoſ'd the Scrawls of their Laundreſs for Billetdeux of Quality: Came ever juſt from Court, and were never ſeen in it; attended the Levee *ſub dio*; got a Liſt of Peers by heart in one Company, and with great Familiarity retail'd them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe Committees of Senators who are ſilent in the *House*, and loud in the *Coffee-Houſe*, where they  
nightly

nightly adjourn to chew the Cud of Politics, and are encompass'd with a Ring of Disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their Droppings. The three Brothers had acquir'd forty other Qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckon'd the most accomplish'd Persons in Town: But all would not suffice, and the Ladies aforesaid continu'd still inflexible. To clear up which Difficulty, I must with the Reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some Points of weight, which the Authors of that Age have not sufficiently illustrated.

FOR about this time it happen'd, a Sect arose, whose Tenents obtain'd and spread very far, especially in the *Grand Monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worship'd a sort of *Idol*, who, as their Doctrine deliver'd, did daily create Men, by a kind of Manufactory Operation. This *Idol* they placed in the highest parts of the House, on an Altar erected about three foot: He was shewn in the posture of a *Persian* Emperor, sitting on a *Superfices* with his Legs interwoven under him. This God had a *Goose* for his Ensign; whence it is, that some Learned Men pretend to deduce his Original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left Hand,

Hand, beneath the Altar, *Hell* seem'd to open, and catch at the Animals the *Idol* was creating ; to prevent which, certain of his Priests hourly flung in pieces of the uniform'd Mass, or Substance, and sometimes whole Limbs already enliven'd, which that horrid Gulph insatiably swallow'd, terrible to behold. The *Goose* was also held a subaltern Divinity, or *Deus minorum Gentium*, before whose Shrine was sacrific'd that Creature, whose hourly Food is Human Gore, and who is in so great Renown abroad, for being the Delight and Favourite of the *Egyptian Cerco-pithecus*. Millions of these Animals were cruelly slaughter'd every day, to appease the Hunger of that consuming Deity. The chief *Idol* was also worshipp'd as the Inventor of the *Yard* and the *Needle*, whether as the God of Seamen, or on account of certain other mystical Attributes, hath not been sufficiently clear'd.

THE Worshippers of this Deity had also a System of their Belief, which seem'd to turn upon the following Fundamental. They held the Universe to be a large *Suit of Clothes* which *invests* every thing ; that the Earth is *invested* by the Air ; the Air is *invested* by the Stars ; and the Stars are *invested* by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this Globe of Earth, you will find it to be

be a very compleat and fashionable *Dress*. What is that which some call *Land*, but a fine Coat faced with Green? or the Sea, but a Waist-Coat of Water-Tabby? Proceed to the particular Works of the Creation, you will find how curious *Journeyman* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable Beaux*. Observe how sparkish a Peruke adorns the Head of a *Beech*, and what a fine Doublet of white Sattin is worn by the *Birch*. To conclude from all, What is Man himself but a *Micro-Coat*, or rather a compleat Suit of Clothes with all its Trimmings? As to his Body, there can be no dispute: but examine even the Acquirements of his Mind, you will find them all contribute in their Order towards furnishing out an exact *Dress*. To instance no more; Is not Religion a *Cloke*, Honesty a *Pair of Shoes*, worn out in the dirt, Self-love a *Surtout*, Vanity a *Shirt*, and Conscience a *Pair of Breeches*, which tho a Cover for Leudness as well as Nastiness, is easily slipt down for the Service of both?

THESE *Postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of Reasoning, that those Beings which the World calls improperly *Suits of Clothes*, are in reality the most refined Species of Animals, or to proceed higher, that they are rational  
Creatures,

Creatures, or Men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other Offices of human Life? Are not Beauty, and Wit, and Mien, and Breeding, their inseparable Proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the Streets, fill up *Parliament* —, *Coffee* —, *Play* —, *Bawdy-Houses*? 'Tis true indeed, that these Animals, which are vulgarly call'd *Suits of Clothes*, or *Dresses*, do according to certain Compositions receive different Appellations. If one of them be trim'd up with a Gold Chain, and a red Gown, and a white Rod, and a great Horse, it is call'd a *Lord Mayor*: If certain Ermines and Furs be placed in a certain Position, we stile them a *Judg*; and so, an apt Conjunction of Lawn and black Sattin, we entitle a *Bishop*.

OTHERS of these Professors, tho' agreeing in the main System, were yet more refined upon certain Branches of it; and held, that Man was an Animal compounded of *two Dresses*, the *Natural* and the *Celestial Suit*, which were the Body and the Soul: That the Soul was the outward, and the Body the inward Clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily Creation and Circumfession.



sion. This last they prov'd by *Scripture*, because *in them we live, and move, and have our being* ; as likewise by *Philosophy*, because they are *All in All, and All in every Part*. Besides, said they, Separate these two, and you will find the Body to be only a senseless unfavoury Carcass. By all which it is manifest, that the outward Dress must needs be the Soul.

TO this System of Religion were tagg'd several subaltern Doctrines, which were entertain'd with great Vogue : as particularly, the Faculties of the Mind were deduced by the Learned among them in this manner ; *Embroidery* was *sheer Wit* ; *Gold Fringe* was *agreeable Conversation* ; *Gold Lace* was *Repartee* ; a huge long *Peruke* was *Humour* ; and a *Coat full of Powder* was very good *Raillery* : All which requir'd abundance of *Finesse* and *Delicately* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict Observance after Times and Fashions.

I HAVE, with much Pains and Reading, collected out of antient Authors, this short Summary of a Body of Philosophy and Divinity ; which seems to have been compos'd by a Vain and Race of Thinking, very different from any other Systems, either *Antient* or *Modern*. And  
it

it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the Reader's Curiosity, but rather to give him light into several Circumstances of the following Story; that knowing the State of Dispositions and Opinions in an Age so remote, he may better comprehend those great Events which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous Reader, to peruse with a world of Application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And so leaving these broken Ends, I carefully gather up the chief Thred of my Story, and proceed.

THESE Opinions therefore were so universal, as well as the Practices of them, among the refin'd part of Court and Town, that our three Brother-Adventurers, as their Circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For on the one side, the three Ladies they address'd themselves to, (whom we have named already) were ever at the very Top of the Fashion, and abhor'd all that were below it, but the breadth of a Hair. On the other side, their Father's Will was very precise, and it was the main Precept in it, with the greatest Penalties annex'd, not to add to, or diminish from their Coats, one Thred, without a positive Command in the Will. Now the Coats their Fathers had left them,

them, were, 'tis true, of very good  
 Cloth, and besides, so neatly sown, you  
 would swear they were all of a piece; but  
 at the same time, very plain, and with  
 little or no Ornament: And it happen'd,  
 that before they were a Month in Town,  
 great *Shoulder-knots* came up. Strait, all  
 the World was *Shoulder knots*: no ap-  
 proaching the Ladies *Ruelles* without the  
*Quota* of *Shoulder-knots*. That Fellow,  
 cries one, *has no Soul; where is his Shoul-*  
*der-knot?* Our three Brethren soon dis-  
 cover'd their Want by sad Experience,  
 meeting in their Walks with forty Morti-  
 fications and Indignities. If they went to  
 the *Play-house*, the Door keeper shew'd  
 them into the Twelvepenny Gallery. If  
 they call'd a Boat, says a Waterman, *I am*  
*first Sculler*. If they stept to the *Rose* to  
 take a Bottle, the Drawer would cry,  
*Friend, we sell no Ale*. If they went to  
 visit a Lady, a Footman met them at the  
 door with, *Pray send up your Message*.  
 In this unhappy Case, they went imme-  
 diately to consult their Father's Will, read  
 it over and over, but not a word of the  
*Shoulder-knot*. What should they do?  
 What Temper should they find? Obe-  
 dience was absolutely necessary, and yet  
*Shoulder-knots* appear'd extremely requi-  
 site. After much Thought, one of the  
 Brothers who happen'd to be more *Book-*  
*learned*

learned than the other two, said he had found an Expedient. 'Tis true, said he, *there is nothing here in this Will, totidem verbis, making mention of Shoulder-knots; but I dare conjecture, we may find them inclusive, or totidem syllabis.* This Distinction was immediately approv'd by all; and so they fell again to examine the Will. But their evil Star had so directed the Matter, that the first Syllable was not to be found in the whole Writing. Upon which Disappointment, he who found the former Evasion took heart, and said, *Brothers, there is, yet Hopes, for tho we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio modo, or totidem literis.* This Discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the Scrutiny, and soon pick'd out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same Planet, Enemy to their Repose, had wonderfully contriv'd, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty Difficulty! But the distinguishing Brother (for whom we shall hereafter find a Name) now his Hand was in, prov'd by a very good Argument, that K was a modern illegitimate Letter, unknown to the Learned Ages, nor any where to be found in ancient Manuscripts. 'Tis true, said he, the word

wo  
V.  
wid  
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Lace  
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Shoul

word *Calende* hath in \* *Q.*  
*V. C.* been sometimes writ  
 with a *K*, but erroneously ;  
 for in the best Copies it is  
 ever spelt with a *C*. And by consequence  
 it was a gross Mistake in our Language to  
 spell *Knot* with a *K*, but that from hence-  
 forward he would take care it should be  
 writ with a *C*. Upon this all further Dif-  
 ficulty vanish'd ; *Shoulder-knots* were made  
 clearly out to be *Jure Paterno*, and our  
 three Gentlemen swagger'd with as large  
 and as flanting ones as the best.

\* *Quibusdam*  
*Veteribus Codi-*  
*cibus.*

BUT as human Happiness is of a very  
 short Duration, so in those days were hu-  
 man Fashions, upon which it entirely de-  
 pends. *Shoulder-knots* had their Time,  
 and we must now imagine them in their  
 Decline ; for a certain Lord came just  
 from *Paris*, with fifty Yards of *Gold*  
*Lace* upon his Coat, exactly trim'd after  
 the Court-Fashion of that *Month*. In two  
 days all Mankind appear'd clos'd up in  
 Bars of *Gold Lace* : Whoever durst peep  
 abroad without his Compliment of *Gold*  
*Lace*, was as scandalous as a—, and as  
 ill receiv'd among the Women. What  
 should our three Knights do in this mo-  
 mentous Affair ; they had sufficiently  
 strain'd a Point already in the Affair of  
*Shoulder-knots*. Upon recourse to the  
 D Will,



Will, nothing appear'd there but *altum silentium*. That of the *Shoulder-knots* was a loose, flying, circumstantial Point; but this of *Gold Lace* seem'd too considerable an Alteration without better Warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentia adherere*, and therefore requir'd a positive Precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned Brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis Dialectica*, and especially that wonderful Piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the Faculty of teaching its Readers to find out a Meaning in every thing but it self; like Commentators on the *Revelations*, who proceed Prophets without understanding a Syllable of the Text. Brothers, said he, *You are to be inform'd, that of Wills, duo sunt genera, Nuncupatory and Scriptory; that in the Scriptory Will here before us, there is no Precept or Mention about Gold Lace, confeditur: But, si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur. For, Brothers, if you remember, we heard a Fellow say when we were Boys, that he heard my Father's Man say, that he heard my Father say, that he would advise his Sons to get Gold Lace on their Coats, as soon as ever they could procure Money to buy it. By G— that is very true,* cries the other: *I remember it perfectly well,* said the third. And so without more ado they

they got the largest *Gold Lace* in the Parish, and walk'd about as fine as Lords.

A WHILE after there come up *all in Fashion*, a pretty sort of *flame-colour'd Sattin* for Linings, and the *Mercer* brought a Pattern of it immediately to our three Gentlemen, *An please your Worships*, said he, *my Lord C — and Sir J. W. had Linings out of this very Piece last Night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a Remnant left, enough to make my Wife a Pin Cushion by to morrow morning at ten a Clock.* Upon this they fell again to romage the Will, because the present Case also requir'd a positive Precept, the Lining being held by Orthodox Writers to be of the Essence of the Coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short Advice of their Father's in the Will, to take care of *Fire*, and put out their *Candles* before they went to sleep. This, tho' a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards Self-Conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a Command; and being resolv'd to avoid farther Scruple, as well as future occasion for Scandal; says he that was the Scholar, *I remember to have read in Wills, of a Codicil annex'd, which is indeed a part of the Will, and what it contains hath equal Au-*

thority with the rest. Now I have been considering of this same Will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be compleat for want of such a Codicil. I will therefore fasten one in its proper Place very dextrously; I have had it by me some time, it was written by a Dog-keeper of my Grandfather's, and talks a great deal (as good Luck would have it) of this very flame-colour'd Sattin. This Project was immediately approv'd by the other two; an old Parchment-Scroul was tagg'd on according to Art, in the form of a *Codicil annex'd*, and the Sattin bought and worn.

NEXT Winter a *Player*, hir'd for the purpose by the Corporation of *Fringe-makers*, acted his Part, in a new Comedy, all cover'd with *Silver Fringe*; and, according to the laudable Custom, gave Rise to that Fashion. Upon which, the Brothers consulting their Father's Will, to their great Astonishment found these words: Item, *I charge and command my said three Sons to wear no sort of Silver Fringe upon or about their said Coats, &c.* with a Penalty in case of Disobedience too long here to insert. However, after some Pause, the Brother so often mentioned for his Erudition, who was well skill'd in Criticisms, had found in a certain Author which he said should be nameless, that the

same word, which in the Will is call'd *Fringe*, does also signify a *Broomstick*, and doubtless ought to have the same Interpretation in this Paragraph. This another of the Brothers dislik'd, because of that Epithet *Silver*, which could not, he humbly conceiv'd, in Propriety of Speech, be reasonably apply'd to a *Broomstick*; but it was reply'd upon him, that this Epithet was understood in a *Mythological* and *Allegorical* Sense. However, he objected again, why their Father should forbid them to wear a *Broomstick* on their Coats, a Caution that seem'd unnatural and impertinent. Upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a *Mystery*, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pry'd into, or nicely reason'd upon. And, in short, their Father's Authority being now considerably sunk, this Expedient was allow'd to serve as a lawful Dispensation, for wearing their full proportion of *Silver Fringe*.

A WHILE after was reviv'd an old Fashion, long antiquated, of *Embroidery* with *Indian Figures* of Men, Women and Children. Here they had no occasion to examine the Will: They remember'd but too well how their Father had always abhor'd this Fashion, that he made several

Paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter Detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting Curse to his Sons whenever they should wear it: For all this, in a few days, they appear'd higher in the Fashion than any body else in the Town. But they solv'd the Matter by saying, that these Figures were not at all the *same* with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the Will. Besides, they did not wear them in that Sense, as forbidden by their Father, but as they were a commendable Custom, and of great Use to the Publick. That these rigorous Clauses in the Will did therefore require some *Allowance*, and a favourable Interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano Salis*.

BUT Fashions perpetually altering in that Age, the Scholastick Brother grew weary of searching further Evasions, and solving everlasting Contradictions. Resolv'd therefore at all hazards to comply with the Modes of the World, they concerted Matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their Father's Will in a *Strong Box*, brought out of *Greece*, or *Italy* (I have forgot which) and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its Authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a  
while



while after, it grew a general Mode to wear an infinite Number of *Points*, most of them tag'd with *Silver*. Upon which the Scholar pronounc'd *ex Cathedra*, that *Points* were absolutely *Jure Paterno*, as they might very well remember. 'Tis true indeed, the Fashion prescrib'd somewhat more than were directly nam'd in the Will: However that they, as Heirs general of their Father, had power to make and add certain Clauses for publick Emolument, tho not deducible *totidem verbis* from the Letter of the Will; or else, *Multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for *Canonical*, and therefore on the following Sunday they came to Church all cover'd with *Points*.

THE learned Brother, so often mention'd, was reckon'd the best Scholar in all that or the next Street to it; insomuch as having run something behindhand with the World, he obtain'd the Favour from a certain Lord to receive him into his House, and to teach his Children. A while after the Lord dy'd, and he, by long practice upon his Father's Will, found the way of contriving a *Deed of Conveyance* of that House to himself and his Heirs. Upon which he took possession, turn'd the young Squires out, and receiv'd his Brothers in their stead.

## S E C T. III.

*A Digression concerning Criticks.*

**T**HO I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the Rules and Methods of Writing, laid down by the Example of our illustrious *Moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my Memory led me into an Error, from which I must immediately extricate my self, before I can decently pursue my principal Subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable Omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had perform'd the due Discourses, *Expostulatory*, *Supplicatory* or *Deprecatory* with my good *Lords* the *Criticks*. Towards some Atonement for this grievous Neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short Account of themselves and their *Art*, by looking into the Original and Pedigree of the Word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the antient and present State thereof.

BY

BY the word *Critick*, at this day so frequent in all Conversations, there have sometimes been distinguish'd three very different Species of mortal Men, according as I have read in *Antient Books and Pamphlets*. For first, by this Term were understood such Persons as invented or drew up Rules for themselves and the World, by observing which a careful Reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *Learned*, from his Taste to a true Relish of the *Sublime* and the *Admirable*, and divide every Beauty of Matter or of Style from the Corruption that apes it. In their common Perusal of Books, singling out the Errors and Defects, the Nauseous, the Fulsom, the Dull and the Impertinent, with the Caution of a Man that walks thro *Edenborough* Streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the Filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the Colour and Complexion of the Ordure, or take its Dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These Men seem, tho very erroneously, to have understood the Appellation of *Critick* in a literal Sense; that one principal Part of his Office was to praise and acquit; and that a *Critick*,

who sets up to read only for an occasion of Censure and Reproof, is a Creature as barbarous as a *Judge*, who should take up a Resolution to hang all Men that came before him upon a Trial.

A G A I N, by the word *Critick*, have been meant the Restorer of antient Learning, from the Worms, and Graves, and Dust of Manuscripts.

N O W the Races of these two have been for some Ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

T H E third and noblest Sort is that of the *TRUE CRITICK*; whose Original is the most antient of all. Every *True Critick* is a Hero born, descending in a direct Line from a Celestial Stem, by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who begat *Tigellius*, who begat *Etcetera* the Elder, who begat *B-tly*, and *Rym-r*, and *W-tt-n*, and *Perrault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcetera* the Younger.

A N D these are the *Criticks* from whom the Commonwealth of Learning has in all Ages receiv'd such immense Benefits, that the Gratitude of their Admirers plac'd their Origin in Heaven, among those

those of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Perseus*, and other great Deservers of Mankind. But Heroick Virtue it self hath not been exempt from the Obloquy of evil Tongues : For it hath been objected, that those antient Heroes, famous for their combating so many Giants, and Dragons, and Robbers, were in their own Persons a greater Nuisance to Mankind, than any of those Monsters they subdu'd ; and therefore to render their Obligations more compleat, when all other Vermin were destroy'd, should in Conscience have concluded with the same Justice upon themselves ; as *Hercules* most generously did, and hath upon that score procur'd to himself more Temples and Votaries than the best of his Fellows. For these Reasons I suppose it is, why some have conceiv'd it would be very expedient for the Publick Good of Learning, that every *True Critick*, as soon as he had finish'd his Task assign'd, should immediately deliver himself up to Ratsbane, or Hemp, or from some convenient *Altitude* ; and that no Man's Pretensions to so illustrious a Character should by any means be receiv'd, before that Operation were perform'd.

NOW from this Heavenly Descent of *Criticism*, and the close Analogy it bears to *Heroick Virtue*, 'tis easy to assign the proper



proper Imploymment of a *True, Antient, Genuine Critick*; which is, to travel thro this vast World of Writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous Faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking Errors like *Cacus* from his Den; to multiply them like *Hydra's* Heads, and rake them together like *Augeas's* Dung; or else drive away a sort of *dangerous Fowl*, who have a perverse Inclination to plunder the best Branches of the *Tree of Knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* Birds that eat up the Fruit.

THESE Reasonings will furnish us with an adequate Definition of a true *Critick*; that he is a *Discoverer and Collector of Writers Faults*. Which may be further put beyond Dispute by the following Demonstration: That whoever will examine the Writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient Sect has honour'd the World, shall immediately find, from the whole Thred and Tenour of them, that the Idea's of the Authors have been altogether conversant, and taken up with the Faults and Biemisshes, and Oversights, and Mistakes of other Writers; and let the Subject treated on be whatever it will; their Imaginations are so entirely possess'd and replete with the Defects of other Pens, that the very Quintessence of what is bad

does.

does of necessity distil into their own : by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an *Abstract* of the *Criticisms* themselves have made.

HAVING thus briefly consider'd the Original and Office of a *Critick*, as the Word is understood in its most noble and universal Acceptation, I proceed to refute the Objections of those who argue from the Silence and Pretermission of Authors ; by which they pretend to prove, that the very Art of *Criticism*, as now exercis'd, and by me explain'd, is wholly *Modern* ; and consequently, that the *Criticks* of *Great Britain* and *France* have no Title to an Original so Antient and Illustrious as I have deduc'd. Now, if I can clearly make out on the contrary, that the most Antient Writers have particularly describ'd, both the Person and the Office of a *True Critick*, agreeable to the Definition laid down by me ; their grand Objection, from the Silence of Authors, will fall to the ground.

I CONFESS to have for a long time born a part in this general Error ; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but thro the Assistance of our noble *Moderns*, whose most edifying Volumes I turn indefatigably over Night and Day, for

for the Improvement of my Mind, and the Good of my Country : These have with unweary'd Pains made many useful Searches into the weak sides of the *Antients*, and given us a com-

\* See Wotton of *Antient and Modern Learning*.

prehensive List of them.

\* Besides, they have prov'd beyond contradiction, that the very finest things deliver'd of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later Pens ; and that the noblest Discoveries those *Antients* ever made of Art or of Nature, have all been produc'd by the transcending Genius of the present Age : Which clearly shews, how little Merit those *Antients* can justly pretend to ; and takes off that blind Admiration paid them by Men in a Corner, who have the Unhappiness of conversing too little with *present Things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole Compass of Human Nature, I easily concluded, that these *Antients* highly sensible of their many Imperfections, must needs have endeavour'd from some Passages in their Works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious Reader, by *Satyr*, or *Panegyrick* upon the *True Criticks*, in Imitation of their *Masters the Moderns*.

\* *Satyr, and Panegyrick upon Criticks.*

Now, in the *Common-Places* of \* both these, I was plentifully instructed, by a long Course of useful Study in

*Prefaces*

*Prefaces* and *Prologues*; and therefore immediately resolv'd to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent Perusal of the most antient Writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest Times. Here I found to my great Surprise, that altho they all enter'd, upon occasion, into particular Descriptions of the *True Critick*, according as they were govern'd by their Fears or their Hopes; yet whatever they touch'd of that kind, was with abundance of Caution, adventuring no farther than *Mythology* and *Hieroglyphick*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial Readers, for urging the Silence of Authors, against the Antiquity of the *True Critick*; tho the *Types* are so apposite, and the Applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any Reader of a *Modern Eye* and *Taste* could over-look them. I shall venture from a great Number to produce a few, which I am very confident, will put this Question beyond Dispute,

IT well deserves considering, that these *Antient Writers* in treating Enigmatically upon this Subject, have generally fix'd upon the very *same Hieroglyph*, varying only the Story according to their Affections or their Wit. For first; *Pausanias* is of opinion, that the Perfection of Writing

ting correct was intirely owing to the Institution of *Criticks*; and that he can possibly mean no other than the *True Critick*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following Description. He says, *They were a Race of Men, who delighted to nibble at the Superfluities, and Excrescencies of Books; which the Learned at length observing, took warning of their own accord, to lop the Luxuriant, the Rotten, the Dead, the Sapless, and the Overgrown Branches from their Works.* But now all this he cunningly shades under the following Allegory; That the \* Naup-

\* Lib.---. lians in Argia learned the Art of pruning their Vines, by observing, that when an ASS had brows'd upon one of them, it thriv'd the better, and bore fairer Fruit. But † Herodotus holding the very same Hiero-

† Lib. 4. glyph, speaks much plainer, and almost in terminis. He hath been so bold as to tax the *True Criticks*, of Ignorance and Malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the Western Part of Libya, there were ASSES

|| Vide excerpta  
ex eo apud Photium.

with HORNS: Upon which Relation || Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same Animal about India; adding, That whereas all other ASSES wanted a Gall, these horned ones were so redundant

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dant in that Part, that their *Flesh* was not to be eaten, because of its extreme Bitterness.

NOW, the Reason why those antient Writers treated this Subject only by Types and Figures, was, because they durst not make open Attacks against a Party so potent and so terrible, as the *Criticks* of those Ages were: whose very Voice was so dreadful, that a Legion of Authors would tremble, and drop their Pens at the Sound; for so \* *Herodotus* tells us expressly in another place, how a vast Army of Scythians was put to flight in a Panick Terror, by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectur'd by certain profound *Philologers*, that the great Awe and Reverence paid to a *True Critick*, by the Writers of *Britain*, have been deriv'd to us, from those our *Scythian* Ancestors. In short, this Dread was so universal, that in process of Time, those Authors who had a mind to publish their Sentiments more freely, in describing the *True Criticks* of their several Ages, were forc'd to leave off the use of the former Hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the *Prototype*, and invented other Terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and

† Lib. and mystical. So † Diodorus speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther than to say, that in the Mountains of Helicon there grows a certain Weed, which bears a Flower of so damn'd a Scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same Relation.

*Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus  
arbos,  
Floris odors hominem retro consueta ne-  
care. Lib. 6.*

BUT Ctesias whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder; he had been us'd with much severity by the True Criticks of his own Age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least one deep mark of his Vengeance, against the whole Tribe: His meaning is so near the Surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlook'd by those who deny the Antiquity of the True Criticks. For pretending to make a Description of many strange Animals about India, he hath set down these remarkable Words. *Among the rest, says he, there is a Serpent that wants Teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its Vomit (to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any thing, a certain Rotteneffs or Cor-*

*ruption*

ruption ensues. These Serpents are generally found among the Mountains where Jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous Juice, whereof, whoever drinks, that Person's Brains flies out of his Nostrils.

THERE was also among the Antients a sort of Critick, not distinguish'd in *specie* from the former, but in growth or Degree, who seem to have been only the Tyro's or junior Scholars; yet because of their differing Employments, they are frequently mention'd as a Sect by themselves. The usual Exercise of these younger Students, was to attend constantly at Theatres, and learn to spy out the worst Parts of the Play, whereof they were oblig'd carefully to take Note, and render a rational Account to their Tutors. Flesh'd at these smaller Sports, like young Wolves, they grew up in time, to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large Game. For it hath been observ'd both among Antients and Moderns, that a True Critick hath one Quality in common with a Whore and an Alderman, never to change his Title or his Nature; that a Grey Critick has been certainly a green one, the Perfections and Acquirement of his Age being only the improv'd Talents of his Youth; like  
Hemp,

*Hemp*, which, some Naturalists inform us, is bad for *Suffocations*, tho taken but in the *Seed*. I esteem the Invention, or at least the Refinement of *Prologues*, to have been owing to these younger Proficients ; of whom *Terence* makes frequent and honourable mention, under the Name of *Malevoli*.

NOW, 'tis certain, the Institution of the *True Criticks* was of absolute necessity to the Commonwealth of Learning. For all human Actions seem to be divided like *Themistocles* and his Company : One Man can *fiddle*, and another can make a *small Town a great City* ; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kick'd out of the Creation. The avoiding of which Penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the Nation of *Criticks*, and withal, an occasion for their secret Detractors to report, That a *True Critick* is a sort of Mechanick, set up with a Stock and Tools for his Trade, at as little expence as a *Taylor* ; and that there is much Analogy between the Utensils and Abilities of both : That the *Taylor's Hell* is the Type of a Critick's *Common-place-Book*, and his Wit and Learning held forth by the *Goose* : That it requires at least as many of these, to the making up of one Scholar, as of the others to the

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Composition of a Man : That the Valours of both is equal, and their Weapons near of a size. Much may be said in answer to these invidious Reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a Falshood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater Layings out, to be free of the *Critick's* Company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true Beggar*, it will cost the richest Candidate every Groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a *True Critick*, it will cost a Man all the good Qualities of his Mind; which, perhaps, for a less Purchase, would be thought but an indifferent Bargain.

HAVING thus amply prov'd the Antiquity of *Criticism*, and describ'd the primitive State of it; I shall now examine the present Condition of this Empire, and shew how well it agrees with its antient self. \* A certain Author, whose Works have many Ages since been intirely lost, does in his fifth Book and eighth Chapter say of *Criticks*, That *their Writings are the Mirrors of Learning*. This I understand in a literal Sense, and suppose our Author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect Writer, must inspect into  
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\* A Quotation  
after the manner  
of a great Au-  
thor. Vide Bent-  
ley's Dissertation  
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the Books of *Criticks*, and correct his Invention there as in a Mirror. Now, whoever considers that the *Mirrors* of the Antients were made of *Brass*, and *fine Mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal Qualifications of a *True Modern Critick*; and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For *Brass* is an Emblem of Duration, and when it is skilfully burnish'd, will cast *Reflections* from its own *Superficies*, without any Assistance of *Mercury* from behind. All the other Talents of a *Critick* will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three Maxims, which may serve both as Characteristicks to distinguish a *True Modern Critick* from a Pretender; and will also be of admirable Use to those worthy Spirits, who engage in so useful and honourable an Art.

THE first is, That *Criticism*, contrary to all other Faculties of the Intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* Result of the *Critick's* Mind: as Fowlers reckon the first Aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the Mark, if they stay not for a second.

SECONDLY, The *True Criticks* are known by their Talent of swarming about the noblest Writers, to which they are carry'd merely by Instinct, as a Rat to the best Cheese, or a Wasp to the fairest Fruit. So when the *King* is on horse-back, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* Person of the Company, and they that make their Court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

LASTLY, A *True Critick*, in the Perusal of a Book, is like a *Dog* at a Feast, whose Thoughts and Stomach are wholly set upon what the Guests *fling away*; and consequently, is apt to *snarl* most, when there are the fewest *Bones*.

THUS much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of Address to my Patrons, the *True Modern Criticks*, and may very well atone for my past Silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserv'd so well of their whole *Body*, as to meet with generous and tender Usage at their hands. Supported by which Expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those Adventures already so happily begun.

SECT.

## S E C T. IV.

## A T A L E of a T U B.

I HAVE now with much Pains and Study conducted the Reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great Revolutions. For no sooner had our *Learned Brother*, so often mention'd, got a warm House of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him; insomuch that unless the gentle Reader out of his great Candour will please a little to exalt his Idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *Hero* of the Play, when he happens to meet him; his Part, his Dress, and his Mien being so much alter'd.

HE told his Brothers, he would have them to know, that he was their Elder, and consequently his Father's sole Heir: nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him *Brother*, but Mr. PETER; and then he must be stil'd *Father Peter*; and sometimes, *My Lord Peter*. To support this Grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintain'd without a better *Fonde* than what he was

born

born to; after much Thought, he cast about at last to turn *Projector* and *Virtuoso*: wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous Discoveries, Projects and Machines, which bear great Vogue and Practice at present in the World, are owing intirely to *Lord Peter's* Invention. I will deduce the best Account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them, without considering much the Order they came out in; because, I think, Authors are not well agreed as to that Point.

I HOPE, when this Treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign Languages, (as I may without Vanity affirm, That the Labour of collecting, the Faithfulness in recounting, and the great Usefulness of the matter to the Publick, will amply deserve that Justice) that the worthy Members of the several *Academies* abroad, especially those of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept these humble Offers, for the Advancement of Universal Knowledg. I do also advertise the most Reverend Fathers the *Eastern Missionaries*, that I have purely for their sakes made use of such Words and Phrases, as will best admit an easy Turn into any of the *Oriental* Languages, especially the *Chinese*. And so I proceed with great Content of Mind, upon reflecting, how much Emolument

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this whole Globe of Earth is like to reap by my Labours.

THE first Undertaking of Lord *Peter*, was to purchase a large Continent, lately said to have been discover'd in *Terra Australis incognita*. This Tract of Land he bought at a very great Penny-worth from the Discoverers themselves, (tho' some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retail'd it into several Cantons to certain Dealers, who carry'd over Colonies, but were all shipwreck'd in the Voyage. Upon which, Lord *Peter* sold the said Continent to other Customers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the same success.

THE second Project I shall mention, was his sovereign Remedy for the *Worms*, especially those in the *Spleen*. The Patient was to eat nothing after Supper for three Nights: as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two Eyes to the same Object; and by no means break wind at both Ends together, without manifest occasion. These Prescriptions diligently observ'd, the *Worms* would void insensibly by Perspiration, ascending thro the *Brain*.



A THIRD Invention, was the erecting of a *Whispering-Office*, for the publick Good and Ease of all such as are Hypochondriacal, or troubled with the Cholick; as likewise of all Eves-droppers, Physicians, Midwives, small Politicians, Friends fallen out, repeating Poets, Lovers happy or in despair, Bawds, Privy-Counsellors, Pages, Parasites and Buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much *Wind*. An *Ass's* Head was placed so conveniently, that the Party affected might easily with his Mouth accost either of the Animal's Ears; which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive Faculty, peculiar to the Ears of that Animal, receive immediate Benefit, either by Eructation, or Expiration, or Evomition.

ANOTHER very beneficial Project of Lord Peter's was an *Office of Insurance*, for Tobacco-Pipes, Martyrs of the modern Zeal; Volumes of Poetry, Shadows, -- -- -- -- -- and Rivers: that these, nor any of these shall receive Damage by *Fire*. From whence our *Friendly Societies* may plainly find themselves to be only Transcribers from this Original; tho the one and the other have been of

great Benefit to the Undertakers, as well as of equal to the Publick.

L O R D *Peter* was also held the original Author of *Puppets* and *Raree-Shows*; the great Usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

B U T another Discovery for which he was much renown'd, was his famous universal *Pickle*. For having remark'd how your common *Pickle*, in use among Housewives, was of no farther Benefit than to preserve dead Flesh, and certain kinds of Vegetables; *Peter*, with great Cost as well as Art, had contriv'd a *Pickle* proper for Houses, Gardens, Towns, Men, Women, Children, and Cattel: wherein he could preserve them as sound as Insects in Amber. Now, this *Pickle* to the Taste, the Smell, and the Sight, appear'd exactly the same with what is in common Service for Beef, and Butter, and Herrings (and has been often that way apply'd with great Success) but for its many Sovereign Virtues was quite a different thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain quantity of his *Powder Pimperlim-pimp*, after which it never fail'd of Success. The Operation was perform'd by *Spargfaction* in a proper time of the Moon. The Patient

tient who was to be *pickled*, if it were a House, would infallibly be preserv'd from all Spiders, Rats, and Weezels : if the Party affected were a Dog, he should be exempt from Mange, and Madness, and Hunger. It also infallibly took away all Scabs and Lice, and scall'd Heads from Children, never hindring the Patient from any Duty, either at Bed or Board.

**BUT** of all *Peter's* Rarities, he most valu'd a certain Set of *Bulls*, whose Race was by great Fortune preserv'd in a lineal Descent from those that guarded the *Golden Fleece*. Tho some who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the Breed had not been kept intirely chaste ; because they had degenerated from their Ancestors in some Qualities, and had acquir'd others very extraordinary, but a foreign Mixture. The *Bulls* of *Cholchos* are recorded to have *Brazen Feet* ; but whether it happen'd by ill Pasture and Running, by an Allay from Intervention of other Parents, from stolen Intrigues ; whether a Weakness in their Progenitors had impair'd the seminal Virtues ; or by a Decline necessary thro a long Course of Time, the Originals of Nature being deprav'd in these latter sinful Ages of the World : whatever was the Cause, 'tis certain that *Lord Peter's Bulls* were extremely vitiated by

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the Rest of Time in the Metal of their Feet, which was now sunk into common *Lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their Lineage, was preserv'd; as likewise that Faculty of breathing out *Fire* from their Nostrils: which notwithstanding, many of their Detractors took to be a Feat of Art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appear'd; proceeding only from their usual Course of Diet, which was of *Squibs* and *Crackers*. However, they had two peculiar Marks which extremely distinguish'd them from the *Bulls* of *Jason*, and which I have not met together in the Description of any other Monster, beside that in *Horace*;

*Varias inducere plumas,*

and

*Attrum definit in piscem.*

For these had *Fishes Tales*, yet upon occasion could *out-fly* any Bird in the Air. *Peter* put these *Bulls* upon several Employments. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright naughty Boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon Errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious Reader may think

think much to believe it, an *Appetitus sensibilis*, deriving it self thro the whole Family, from their noble Ancestors, Guardians of the *Golden Fleece*; they continu'd so extremely fond of *Gold*, that if *Peter* sent them abroad, tho it were only upon a Compliment, they would *roar*, and *spit*, and *belch*, and *piss*, and *fart*, and *snivle* out *Fire*, and keep a perpetual Coyl, till you flung them a Bit of *Gold*: but then *Pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as Lambs. In short, whether by secret Connivance, or Encouragement from their Master, or out of their own liquorish Affection to *Gold*, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy swaggering Beggars: and where they could not prevail to get an Alms, would make Women miscarry, and Children fall into Fits; who, to this very day, usually call Sprites and Hobgoblins by the name of *Bull-Beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the Neighbourhood, that some Gentlemen of the *North-West* got a parcel of right *English Bull dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I MUST needs mention one more of *Lord Peter's Projects*, which was very extraordinary, and discover'd him to be Master of a high Reach, and profound



Invention. Whenever it happen'd that any Rogue of *Newgate* was condemn'd to be hang'd, *Peter* would offer him a Pardon for a certain Sum of Mony; which when the poor *Caitiff* had made all shifts to scrape up and send, *his Lordship* would return a piece of Paper in this Form.

*TO all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jaylor's, Constables, Bailiffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are inform'd that A. B. remains in the Hands of you, or any of you, under the Sentence of Death; We will and command you upon Sight hereof, to let the said Prisoner depart to his own Habitation, whether he stands condemn'd for Murder, Sodomy, Rape, Sacrilege, Incest, Treason, Blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient Warrant: And if you fail hereof, G—d—mn You and Yours to all Eternity. And so we bid you heartily Farewel.*

Your most Humble

Man's Man,

EMPEROR PETER.

THE Wretches trusting to this, lost their Lives and Mony too.

I DESIRE of those whom the *Learned* among Posterity will appoint for Commentators upon this elaborate Treatise, that they will proceed with great Caution upon certain dark Points, wherein all who are not *vere adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty Conclusions, especially in some mysterious Paragraphs, where certain *Arcana* are join'd for brevity-sake, which in the Operation must be divided. And I am certain that future Sons of Art will return large Thanks to my Memory, for so grateful, so useful an *Innuendo*.

IT will be no difficult Part to persuade the Reader, that so many worthy Discoveries met with great Success in the World; tho I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest Number: my Design having been only to single out such, as will be of most Benefit for publick Imitation, or which best serv'd to give some Idea of the Reach and Wit of the Inventor. And therefore it need not be wonder'd, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his Brain so long, and so violently upon the Rack; that at last it *thook* it self, and began to *turn round* for a little Ease. In short, what with Pride, Pre-

jects and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown distracted, and conceiv'd the strangest Imaginations in the World. In the height of his Fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of Pride) he would call himself *God Almighty*, and sometimes *Monarch of the Universe*. I have seen him (says my Author) take three old high-crown'd Hats, and clap them all on his Head three Story high, with a huge Bunch of Keys at his Girdle, and an *Angling Rod* in his Hand. In which Guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of Salutation, *Peter* with much Grace, like a well educated Spaniel, would present them with his *Foot*; and if they refus'd his Civility, then he would raise it as high as their Chops, and give them a damn'd Kick on the Mouth, which hath ever since been call'd a *Salute*. Whoever walk'd by, without paying him their Compliments, having a wonderful strong Breath, he would blow their Hats off into the Dirt. Mean time his Affairs at home went upside down, and his two Brothers had a wretched time; where his first *Boutade* was to kick both their *Wives* one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead gave Orders to pick up the first three Srolers could be met with in the Streets. A while after he nail'd up the Cellar Door, and  
would

would not allow his Brothers a Drop of *Drink* to their Victuals. Dining one day at an Alderman's in the City, *Peter* observ'd him expatiating, after the manner of his Brethren, in the Praises of his Sirloin of Beef. *Beef*, said the sage Magistrate, *is the King of Meat; Beef comprehends in it the Quintessence of Partridge, and Quail, and Venison, and Pheasant, and Plum-pudding and Custard.* When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the Fancy of cooking up this Doctrine into use, and apply the Precept, in default of a Sirloin, to his brown Loaf: *Bread*, says he, *dear Brothers, is the Staff of Life; in which Bread is contain'd, inclusive, the Quintessence of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Venison, Partridge, Plum-pudding and Custard: And to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due Quantity of Water, whose Crudities are also corrected by Yeast or Barm, thro which means it becomes a wholesom fermented Liquor, diffus'd thro the Mass of the Bread.* Upon the Strength of these Conclusions, next day at Dinner was the brown Loaf serv'd up in all the Formality of a City-Feast. *Come Brothers*, said *Peter*, *fail to and spare not; here is excellent good Mutton; or hold, now my Hand is in, I'll help you.* At which word, in much Ceremony, with Fork and Knife, he carves out two good Slices

Slices of a Loaf, and presents each on a Plate to his Brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's Conceit, began with very civil Language to examine the Mystery. *My Lord*, said he, *I doubt, with great Submission, there may be some Mistake. What, says Peter, you are pleasant: Come then let us hear this Jest your Head is so big with. None in the World, my Lord; but unless I am very much deceiv'd, your Lordship was pleas'd a while ago to let fall a word about Mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my Heart. How, said Peter, appearing in great Surprize, I do not comprehend this at all.—Upon which the younger interposing, to set the Business right, My Lord, said he, my Brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the Mutton your Lordship hath promis'd us to Dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or dispos'd to be merrier than I approve of: If You there do not like your Piece, I will serve you another, tho I should take that to be the choice Bit of the whole Shoulder. What then, my Lord, reply'd the first, it seems this is a Shoulder of Mutton all this while. Pray, Sir, says Peter, eat your Vittels, and leave off your Impertinence, if you please, for I am not dispos'd to relish it at present. But the other could not forbear*



forbear being over-provok'd at the affected Seriousness of Peter's Countenance: By G—, my Lord, said he, I can only say, that to my Eyes, and Fingers, and Teeth, and Nose, it seems to be nothing but a Crust of Bread. Upon which the second put in his word, I never saw a Piece of Mutton in my Life, so nearly resembling a Slice from a Twelve-Penny Loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen, cries Peter in a Rage, to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful Puppies you are, I will use but this plain Argument: By G—it is true, good, natural Mutton as any in Leadenhall Market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundering Proof as this left no further room for Objection; the two Unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their Mistake as hastily as they could. Why truly, said the first, upon more mature Consideration—Ay, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of Reason. Very well, said Peter. Here Boy, fill me a Beer-Glass of Claret. Here's to you both with all my heart. The two Brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeas'd, return'd their most humble Thanks, and said, they would be glad to pledge his Lordship. That you shall, said Peter; I am not a Per-  
son

son to refuse you any thing that is reasonable ; *Wine moderately taken is a Cordial, here is a Glass a-piece for you ; 'tis true natural Juice from the Grape, none of your damn'd Vintner's Brewings.* Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry Crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two Brothers, after having perform'd the usual Office in such delicate Conjunctions, of staring a sufficient Period at Lord *Peter*, and each other ; and finding how Matters were like to go, resolv'd not to enter on a new Dispute, but let him carry the Point as he pleas'd ; for he was now got into one of his mad Fits, and to argue or expostulate further would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I HAVE chosen to relate this worthy Matter in all its Circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous *Rupture* which happen'd about the same time among these Brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another Section.

HOWEVER, it is certain, that Lord *Peter*, even in his lucid Intervals, was very leudly given in his common Conversation.

versation, extreme wilful and positive,  
 and would at any time rather argue to the  
 Death, than allow himself to be once in  
 an Error. Besides, he had an abomina-  
 ble Faculty of telling huge palpable *Lyes*  
 upon all occasions, and swearing not only  
 to the Truth, but cursing the whole Com-  
 pany to Hell, if they pretended to make  
 the least Scruple of believing him: One  
 time he swore he had a *Cow* at home,  
 which gave as much Milk at a Meal, as  
 would fill three thousand Churches; and  
 what was yet more extraordinary, would  
 never turn sour. Another time he was  
 telling of an old *Sign-Post* that belong'd to  
 his *Father*, with Nails and Timber enough  
 on it to build sixteen large Men of War.  
 Talking one day of *Chinese Waggon*s,  
 which were made so light as to sail over  
 Mountains; *Z-nds*, said *Peter*, where's  
 the Wonder of that? By *G—*, I saw a  
 large *House of Lime and Stone* travel over  
*Sea and Land* (granting that it stopt some-  
 times to bait) above two thousand German  
 Leagues. And that which was the good  
 of it, he would swear desperately all the  
 while, that he never told a Lye in his  
 Life: And at every word, By *G—*,  
*Gentlemen*, I tell you nothing but the Truth,  
 and the *D—* I broil them eternally that  
 will not believe me.

IN short, *Peter* grew so scandalous; that all the Neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a Knave; and his two Brothers, long weary of his ill Usage, resolv'd at last to leave him: but first they humbly desir'd a Copy of their Father's *Will*, which had now lain by neglected, time out of mind. Instead of granting this Request, he call'd them *damn'd Sons of Whores, Rogues, Traitors*, and the rest of the vile Names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his Projects, the two Youngsters watch'd their Opportunity, made a shift to come at the *Will*, and took a *Copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abus'd: Their Father having left them equal Heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next Enterprize was to break open the Cellar-Door, and get a little good *Drink* to spirit and comfort their Hearts. In copying the *Will* they had met another Precept against Whoring, Divorce and separate Maintenance: Upon which their next Work was to discard their Concubines, and send for their Wives. Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a Solicitor from *Newgate*, desiring Lord *Peter* would

would please to procure a *Pardon* for a *Thief* that was to be *hang'd* to morrow. But the two Brothers told him, he was a Coxcomb to seek Pardons from a Fellow, who deserv'd to be hang'd much better than his Client, and discover'd all the Method of that Imposture, in the same Form I deliver'd it a while ago, advising the Solicitor to put his Friend upon obtaining a *Pardon* from the King. In the midst of all this Clutter and Revolution, in comes *Peter* with a File of Dragoons at his Heels ; and gathering from all Hands what was in the Wind, he and his Gang, after several Millions of Scurrilities and Curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his Roof from that day to this.

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## S E C T. V.

*A Digression in the Modern Kind.*

WE whom the World is pleas'd to honour with the Title of *Modern Authors*, should never have been able to compass our great Design of an everlasting Remembrance, and never-dying Fame, if our Endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general Good of Mankind. This, *O Universe*, is the adventurous Attempt of me thy Secretary ;

————— *Quemvis perferre laborem  
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*

TO this end, I have some time since, with a world of Pains and Art, dissected the Carcass of *Human Nature*, and read many useful Lectures upon the several Parts, both *containing* and *contain'd* ; till at last it *smelt* so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great Expence to fit up all the Bones with exact Contexture, and in due Symmetry ; so that I am ready to shew a very compleat Anatomy thereof to all curious  
Gen.

*Gentlemen and others.* But not to digress farther in the midst of a Digression, as I have known some Authors inclose Digressions in one another, like a Nest of Boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *Human Nature*, I have found a very strange, new, and important Discovery; That the publick Good of Mankind is perform'd by two ways, *Instruction*, and *Diversion*. And I have farther prov'd in my said several Readings, (which, perhaps, the World may one day see, if I can prevail on any Friend to steal a Copy, or on certain Gentlemen of my Admirers to be very important) that, as Mankind is now dispos'd, he receives much greater Advantage by being *diverted* than *instructed*; his epidemical Diseases being *Fastidiosity*, *Amorphy*, and *Oscitation*: whereas in the present universal Empire of Wit and Learning, there seems but little matter left for *Instruction*. However, in compliance with a Lesson of great Age and Authority, I have attempted carrying the Point in all its Heights; and accordingly throughout this Divine Treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together with a *Layer* of *Utile* and a *Layer* of *Dulce*.

WHEN I consider how exceedingly our illustrious *Moderns* have eclips'd the weak

weak glimmering Lights of the *Antients*, and turn'd them out of the Road of all fashionable Commerce, to a degree, that our choice Town-Wits of most refin'd Accomplishments, are in grave Dispute, whether there have been ever any *Antients* or no ; in which Point we was like to receive wonderful Satisfaction from the most useful Labours and Lucubrations of that Worthy *Modern*, Dr. B——ly : I say when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *Modern* hath ever yet attempted an universal System in a small portable Volume, of all things that are to be known, or believ'd, or imagin'd, or practis'd in Life. I am, however, forc'd to acknowledg, that such an Enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great Philosopher of *O. Brazile*. The Method he propos'd, was by a certain curious Receipt, a *Nostrum*, which after his untimely Death, I found among his Papers ; and do here out of my great Affection to the *Modern Learned*, present them with it, not doubting, it may one day encourage some worthy Undertaker.

YOU take fair correct Copies, well bound in Calf's Skin, and letter'd at the back, of all *Modern Bodies* of Arts and Sciences whatsoever, and in what Language you please. These you distil in blanco *Mariæ*,  
infusing

infusing Quintessence of Poppy Q. S. together with three Pints of Lethe, to be had from the Apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the Sordes and Caput mortuum, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first Running, which is again to be distil'd seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two Drams. This you keep in a Glass Viol Hermetically seal'd, for one and twenty Days. Then you begin your Catholick Treatise, taking every Morning fasting (first shaking the Viol) three Drops of this Elixir, snuffing it strongly up your Nose. It will dilate it self about the Brain (where there is any) in fourteen Minutes, and you immediately perceive in your Head an infinite Number of Abstracts, Summaries, Compendiums, Extracts, Collections, Medulla's, Excerpta quædam's, Florilega's, and the like, all dispos'd into great Order, and reducible upon Paper.

I MUST needs own, it was by the Assistance of this *Arcanum*, that I, the otherwise *impar*, have adventur'd upon so daring an Attempt, never atchiev'd or undertaken before, but by a certain Author call'd *Homer*; in whom, tho otherwise a Person not without some Abilities, and for an *Ancient* of a tolerable Genius, I have discover'd many gross Errors,

rors, which are not to be forgiven his very Ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas, we are assur'd,

\* *Homerus omnes res humanas Poematis complexus est.* Xenoph. in Conviv.

he design'd his Work for a \* compleat Body of all Knowledg Human, Divine, Political and Mechanick; it is manifest, he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a *Cabbalist* as his Disciples would represent him, his account of the *Opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially, either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or *Anthroposophia Theomagica*. He is also quite mistaken about the *Sphæra Pyroplastica*, a Neglect not to be aton'd for; and (if the Reader will admit so severe a Censure) *Vix crederem Autorem hunc, unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His Failings are not less prominent in several Parts of the *Mechanicks*. For, having read his Writings with the utmost Application usual among *Modern Wits*, I could never yet discover the least Direction about the Structure of that useful Instrument a *Save-all*. For want of which, if the *Moderns* had not lent their Assistance, we might yet have wander'd in the Dark. But I have still behind a Fault far more notorious to tax this Author with; I mean, his gross Ignorance in the

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*Common Laws of this Realm*, and in the Doctrine as well as Discipline of the Church of *England*. A Defect indeed, for which both he and all the Antients stand most justly censur'd by my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *W---t---n*, Batchelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of *Antient and Modern Learning*; a Book never to be sufficiently valu'd, whether we consider the happy Turns and Flowings of the Author's Wit, the great Usefulness of his sublime Discoveries upon the Subject of *Flies* and *Spittle*, or the laborious Eloquence of his Style. And I cannot forbear doing that Author the justice of my publick Acknowledgments, for the great *Helps* and *Liftings* I had out of his incomparable Piece, while I was penning this Treatise.

BUT, besides these Omissions in *Homer* already mention'd, the curious Reader will also observe several Defects in that Author's Writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every Branch of Knowledg has receiv'd such wonderful Acquirements since his Age, especially within these last three Years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in Modern Discoveries, as his Advocates pretend. We freely acknowledg him to be  
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the Inventor of the *Compass*, of *Gunpowder*, and the *Circulation of the Blood*: But, I challenge any of his Admirers to shew me in all his Writings, a compleat Account of the *Spleen*. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the Art of *Political Wagering*? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long Dissertation upon *Tea*? and as to his Method of *Salivation without Mercury*, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own Knowledg and Experience, a thing very little to be rely'd on.

IT was to supply such momentous Defects, that I have been prevail'd on after long Sollicitation, to have Pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the Judicious Reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any Emergency of Life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that Human Imagination can *rise* or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the Perusal of the Learned, certain Discoveries that are wholly untouch'd by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new *Help of Smatterers*, or the *Art of being Deep-learned, and Shallow-read*: *A curious Invention about Mouse-Traps*: *An universal Rule of Reason, or every Man his own Carver*: together with

a most useful Engine for *catching of Owls*. All which the judicious Reader will find largely treated on, in the several Parts of this Discourse.

I HOLD my self oblig'd to give as much Light as is possible, into the Beauties and Excellencies of what I am writing, because it is become the Fashion and Humour most applauded among the first Authors of this polite and learned Age, when they would correct the ill Nature of critical, or inform the Ignorance of courteous Readers. Besides, there have been several famous Pieces lately publish'd both in Verse and Prose; wherein, if the Writers had not been pleas'd, out of their great Humanity and Affection to the Publick, to give us a nice Detail of the *Sublime*, and the *Admirable* they contain; it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discover'd one Grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a Preface, and more agreeable to the Mode which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold of that great and honourable Privilege of being the *last Writer*; I claim an absolute Authority in Right, as the *freshet Modern*, which gives me a de-  
spotick Power over all Authors before me.

In the Strength of which Title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious Custom, of making the Preface a Bill of Fare to the Book. For I have always look'd upon it as a high Point of Indiscretion in *Monster-mongers*, and other *Retailers of strange Sights*, to hang out a fair large Picture over the Door, drawn after the Life, with a most eloquent Description underneath : This hath sav'd me many a Three-pence, for my Curiosity was full satisfy'd, and I never offer'd to go in, tho' often invited by the urging and attending Orator, with his last *moving* and *standing* Piece of Rhetorick ; *Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin.* Such is exactly the Fate, at this time, of *Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomena's Apparatus's, To the Readers's.* This Expedient was admirable at first ; our great *Dryden* has long carry'd it as far as it would go, and with incredible Success. He has often said to me in confidence, that the World would have never suspected him to be so great a Poet, if he had not assur'd them so frequently in his Prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so ; however, I much fear his Instructions have edify'd out of their Place, and taught Men to grow wiser in certain Points,

Points, where he never intended they should : for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy Scorn many of the yawning Readers in our Age, do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty Pages of *Preface* and *Dedication* (which is the usual *Modern Stint*) as if it were so much *Latin*. Tho it must be also allow'd on the other hand, that a very considerable Number is known to proceed *Criticks* and *Wits*, by reading nothing else : Into which two Factions, I think, all present Readers may justly be divided. Now, for my self, I profess to be of the former Sort; and therefore having the *Modern Inclination* to expatiate upon the Beauty of my own Productions, and display the bright Parts of my Discourse; I thought best to do it in the Body of the Work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable Addition to the Bulk of the Volume; *a Circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful Writer.*

HAVING thus paid my due Defe-  
 rence and Acknowledgment to an esta-  
 blish'd Custom of our newest Authors,  
 by a long *Digression unsought for*, and an  
*universal Censure unprovok'd*; by forc-  
 ing into the Light, with much Pains and  
 Dexterity, my own Excellencies and o-  
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ther Mens Defaults, with great Justice to my self and Candor to them; I now happily resume my Subject, to the infinite Satisfaction both of the Reader and the Author.

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## S E C T. VI.

### *A TALE of a TUB.*

**W**E left *Lord Peter* in open Rupture with his two Brethren; both for ever discarded from his House, and resign'd to the wide World, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are Circumstances that render them proper Subjects for the Charity of a Writer's Pen to work on; Scenes of Misery, ever affording the fairest Harvest for great Adventures. And in this, the World may perceive the Difference between the Integrity of a generous Author, and that of a common Friend. The latter is observ'd to adhere close in Prosperity, but on the Decline of Fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous Author, just on the contrary, finds his Hero on the Dung-hil, from thence by gradual Steps raises him to a Throne, and then immediately with-

withdraws, expecting not so much as Thanks for his Pains: In imitation of which Example, I have plac'd *Lord Peter* in a Noble House, given him a Title to wear, and Mony to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common Charity directs me, to the Assistance of his two Brothers, at their lowest Ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my Character of an Historian, to follow the Truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

THE two Exiles so nearly united in Fortune and Interest, took a Lodging together; where, at their first Leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless Misfortunes and Vexations of their Life past, and could not tell, of the sudden, to what Failure in their Conduct they ought to impute them; when after some Recollection, they call'd to mind the Copy of their Father's *Will*, which they had so happily recover'd. This was immediately produc'd, and a firm Resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future Measures to the strictest Obedience prescrib'd therein. The main Body of the *Will* (as the Reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable

Rules about the wearing of their Coats ; in the Perusal whereof, the two Brothers at every Period duly comparing the Doctrine with the Practice, there was never seen a wider Difference between two Things : horrible down-right Transgressions of every Point. Upon which, they both resolv'd without farther Delay to fall immediately upon reducing the whole, exactly after their Father's Model.

BUT, here it is good to stop the hasty Reader, ever impatient to see the End of an Adventure, before we Writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two Brothers began to be distinguish'd at this time, by certain Names. One of them desir'd to be call'd *MARTIN*, and the other took the Appellation of *JACK*. These two had liv'd in much Friendship and Agreement under the Tyranny of their Brother *Peter*, as it is the Talent of Fellow Sufferers to do ; Men in Misfortune, being like Men in the Dark, to whom all Colours are the same : But when they came forward into the World, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the Light, their Complexions appear'd extremely different ; which the present Posture of their Affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

BUT,

BUT, here the severe Reader may justly tax me as a Writer of short Memory, a Deficiency to which a true *Modern* cannot but of Necessity be a little subject. Because, *Memory* being an Employment of the Mind upon things past, is a Faculty, for which the Learned, in our illustrious Age, have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with *Invention*, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least, by Collision, from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great Forgetfulness as an Argument unanswerable for our great Wit. I ought in Method, to have inform'd the Reader about fifty Pages ago, of a Fancy *Lord Peter* took, and infus'd into his Brothers, to wear on their Coats whatever Trimmings came up in Fashion; never pulling off any, as they went out of the Mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a Medley, the most antick you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a Thred of the original Coat to be seen, but an infinite Quantity of *Lace*, and *Ribbands*, and *Fringe*, and *Embroidery*, and *Points*; (I mean, only those *tagg'd with Silver*, for the rest fell off.) Now, this material

rial Circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good Fortune hath order'd, comes in very properly here; when the two Brothers are just going to reform their Vestures into the Primitive State, prescrib'd by their Father's *Will*.

THEY both unanimously enter'd upon this great Work, looking sometimes on their Coats, and sometimes on the *Will*. *Martin* laid the first hand; at one twich brought off a large handful of *Points*, and with a second pull stript away ten dozen Yards of *Fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demur'd a while: He knew very well there yet remain'd a great deal more to be done; however, the first Heat being over, his Violence began to cool, and he resolv'd to proceed more moderately in the rest of the Work; having already very narrowly scap'd a swinging Rent in pulling off the *Points*, which being tagg'd with *Silver* (as we have observ'd before) the judicious Workman had with much Sagacity double-sown, to preserve them from *falling*. Resolving therefore to rid his Coat of a huge Quantity of *Gold Lace*, he pick'd up the Stitches with much Caution, and diligently glean'd out all the loose Threds as he went, which prov'd to be



a Work of Time. Then he fell about the embroider'd *Indian* Figures of Men, Women and Children ; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their Father's Testament was extremely exact and severe : These, with much Dexterity and Application, were after a while quite eradicated, or utterly defac'd. For the rest, where he observ'd the Embroidery to be work'd so close, as not to be got away without damaging the Cloth, or where it serv'd to hide or strengthen'd any Flaw in the Body of the Coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of Workmen upon it ; he concluded, the wisest Course was to let it remain, resolving in no Case whatsoever, that the Substance of the Stuff should suffer Injury : which he thought the best Method for serving the true Intent and Meaning of his Father's *Will*. And this is the nearest Account I have been able to collect of *Martin's* Proceedings upon this great Revolution.

BUT his Brother *Jack*, whose Adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great Part in the Remainder of this Discourse ; enter'd upon the Matter with other Thoughts, and a quite different Spirit: For the Memory of *Lord Peter's* Injuries produc'd a Degree of Ha-

tred and Spight, which had a much greater Share of inciting him, than any Regards after his Father's Commands, since these appear'd at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this Medley of Humour, he made a shift to find a very plausible Name, honouring it with the Title of *Zeal*; which is, perhaps, the most significant Word that hath been ever yet produc'd in any Language; as, I think, I have fully prov'd in my excellent *Analytical* Discourse upon that Subject; wherein I have deduc'd a *Histori-theo-physi-logical* Account of *Zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *Notion* into a *Word*, and from thence in a hot Summer, riped into a *tangible Substance*. This Work containing three large Volumes in Folio, I design very shortly to publish by the *Modern* way of *Subscription*, not doubting but the Nobility and Gentry of the Land will give me all possible Encouragement, having already had such a Taste of what I am able to perform.

I RECORD therefore, that Brother *Jack*, brim-full of this miraculous Compound, reflecting with Indignation upon *PETER's* Tyranny, and farther provok'd by the Despondency of *Martin*; prefac'd his Resolutions to this purpose  
*What,*

What, said he, *A Rogue that lock'd up his Drink, turn'd away our Wives, cheated us of our Fortunes; paum'd his damn'd Crusts upon us for Mutton; and at last kick'd us out of doors: must we be in his Fashions, with a Pox? a Rascal, besides, that all the Street cries out against.* Having thus kindled and enflam'd himself as high as possible, and by consequence, in a delicate Temper for beginning a Reformation, he set about the Work immediately, and in three Minutes, made more Dispatch than *Martin* had done in as many Hours. For (courteous Reader) you are given to understand, that *Zeal* is never so highly oblig'd, as when you set it a *tearing*: and *Jack*, who doated on that Quality in himself, allow'd it at this time its full Swing. Thus it happen'd, that stripping down a Parcel of *Gold Lace*, a little too hastily, he rent the main *Body* of his *Coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his Talent was not of the happiest in *taking up a Stitch*, he knew no better way than to dorn it again with *Packetbred* and a *Skewer*. But the Matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with Tears) when he proceeded to the *Embroidery*: For, being clumsy by Nature, and of Temper impatient; withal, beholding Millions of Stitches, that requir'd the nicest Hand, and sedatest

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Constitution, to extricate; in a great Rage, he tore off the whole Piece, Cloth and all, and flung it into the Kennel: and furiously thus continuing his Career; *Ah, good Brother, Martin, said he, do as I do, for the Love of God; strip, tear, pull, rent, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that Rogue Peter, as it is possible: I would not for a hundred Pounds carry the least Mark about me, that might give occasion to the Neighbours of suspecting I was related to such a Rascal.* But Martin, who at this time happen'd to be extremely phlegmatick and sedate, begg'd his Brother of all Love, not to damage his Coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desir'd him to consider, that it was not their Business to form their Actions by any Reflection upon Peter's, but by observing the Rules prescrib'd in their Father's Will. That he should remember, Peter was still their Brother, whatever Faults or Injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a Thought, as that of taking Measures for Good and Evil, from no other Rule than of Opposition to him. That it was true, the Testament of their good Father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their Coats; yet was it no less penal and strict in prescribing Agreement, and Friendship, and Affection between them. And therefore, if straining a

Point

*Point were at all dispensible, it would certainly be so, rather to the Advance of Unity, than Increase of Contradiction.*

*MARTIN* had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have deliver'd an admirable Lecture of Morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my Reader's *Repose, both of Body and Mind*, (the true ultimate End of *Ethicks* :) but *Jack* was already gone a Flight-shot beyond his Patience. And as in Scholastick Disputes nothing serves to rouse the Spleen of him that *opposes*, so much as a kind of pedantick affected Calmness in the *Respondent*; Disputes being for the most part like unequal Scales, where the *Gravity* of one side advances the *Lightness* of the other; and causes it to fly up and kick the Beam: so it happen'd here, that the *Weight* of *Martin's* Arguments exalted *Jack's* *Levity*, and made him fly out and spurn against his Brother's Moderation. In short, *Martin's* *Patience* put *Jack* in a *Rage*; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his Brother's Coat so well reduc'd into the State of Innocence, while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had scaped his cruel Clutches were still in *Peter's* Livery. So that he look'd like a drunken *Beau*, half ruffled.



rified by *Bullies*; or like a fresh Tenant of *Newgate*, when he has refus'd the Payment of *Garnish*; or like a discover'd *Shoplifter*, left to the Mercy of *Exchange-Women*; or like a *Bawd* in her old Velvet Petticoat, resign'd into the secular hands of the *Mobile*. Like any, or like all of these, a Medley of *Rags*, and *Lace*, and *Rents*, and *Fringes*, unfortunate *Jack* did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his Coat in the condition of *Martin's*, but infinitely gladder to find that of *Martin's* in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole Business another Turn, and to dress up Necessity into a Virtue. Therefore after as many of the *Fox's* Arguments as he could muster up, for bringing *Martin* to *Reason*, as he call'd it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged bobtail'd Condition; and observing he said all to little purpose: what, alas, was left for the forlorn *Jack* to do, but after a million of Scurrilities against his Brother, to run mad with Spleen, and Spight, and Contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal Breach between these two. *Jack* went immediately to *New Lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his Wits. In a short time  
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after, he appear'd abroad, and confirm'd the Report, by falling into the oddest Whimfies that ever a sick Brain conceiv'd.

AND now the little Boys in the streets began to salute him with several Names. Sometimes they would call him, *Jack the bald*; sometimes, *Jack with the Lant-horn*; sometimes, *Dutch Jack*; sometimes, *French Hugh*; sometimes, *Tom the Beggar*; and sometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North*. And it was under one, or some, or all of these Appellations (which I leave the learned Reader to determine) that he hath given rise to the most Illustrious and Epidemick Sect of *Æolists*, who with honourable Commemoration do still acknowledge the Renowned *JACK* for their Author and Founder. Of whose Originals, as well as Principles, I am now advancing to gratify the World with a very particular Account.

—*Mellao contingens cuncta Lepore.*

S.E.C.T.

## S E C T. VII.

*A Digression in praise of Digressions.*

I HAVE sometimes heard of an *Iliad* in a *Nut-shell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftner *seen* a *Nut-shell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt, that human Life has receiv'd most wonderful Advantages from both; but to which of the two the World is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the Curious, as a Problem worthy of their utmost Enquiry. For the Invention of the latter, I think the Commonwealth of Learning is chiefly oblig'd to the great *modern* Improvement of *Digressions*: the late Refinements in Knowledge running parallel to those of Diet in our Nation, which among Men of a judicious Taste are dress'd up in various Compounds, consisting in *Soups* and *Ollio's*, *Fricassee's* and *Ragoust's*.

'TIS true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred People, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite Innovations: And as to the Similitude from Diet, they allow the Parallel, but are so

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bold to pronounce the Example it self a Corruption and Degeneracy of Taste. They tell us, that the Fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a Dish, was at first introduc'd in compliance to a deprav'd and *debauch'd Appetite*, as well as to a *crazy Constitution*: and to see a Man hunting thro an *Ollio*, after the *Head* and *Brains* of a *Goose*, a *Wigeon*, or a *Woodcock*, is a sign he wants a Stomach and Digestion for more substantial Victuals. Farther, they affirm that *Digressions* in a Book are like *Foreign Troops* in a *State*, which argue the Nation to want a *Heart* and *Hands* of its own; and often, either *subdue the Natives*, or drive them into the most *unfruitful Corners*.

BUT after all that can be objected by these supercilious Censors, 'tis manifest the Society of Writers would quickly be reduc'd to a very inconsiderable number, if Men were put upon making Books, with the fatal Confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. 'Tis acknowledg'd, that were the Case the same among us, as with the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when Learning was in its *Cradle*, to be rear'd, and fed, and cloth'd by *Invention*; it would be an easy Task to fill up Volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the Subject,

ject, than by moderate Excursions, helping to advance or clear the main Design. But with *Knowledg* it has fared as with a numerous Army, encamp'd in a fruitful Country; which for a few days maintains it self by the Product of the Soil it is on: till Provisions being spent, they send to forage many a mile, among Friends or Enemies it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring Fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no Sustenance but Clouds of Dust.

THE whole Course of Things being thus intirely chang'd between *Us* and the *Antients*, and the *Moderns* wisely sensible of it; we of this Age have discover'd a shorter and more prudent Method to become *Scholars* and *Wits*, without the Fatigue of *Reading* or of *Thinking*. The most accomplish'd way of using Books at present is twofold: Either, first, to serve them as some Men do *Lords*, learn their *Titles* exactly, and then brag of their Acquaintance: or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer Method, to get a thorow Insight into the *Index*, by which the whole Book is govern'd and turn'd, like *Fishes* by the *Tail*. For to enter the Palace of Learning at the *great Gate*, requires an Expence

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of Time and Forms; therefore Men of much Haste and little Ceremony, are content to get in by the *Back-Door*. For the Arts are all in a *flying* March, and therefore more easily subdu'd by attacking them in the *Rear*. Thus Physicians discover the State of the whole Body, by consulting only what comes from *Behind*. Thus Men catch Knowledg by throwing their *Wit* on the *Posteriors* of a Book, as Boys do Sparrows with flinging *Salt* upon their *Tails*. Thus human Life is best understood by the wise Man's Rule of *regarding the End*. Thus are the Sciences found like *Hercules's Oxen*, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old Sciences* unravel'd like *old Stockings*, by beginning at the *Foot*.

BESIDES all this, the Army of the Sciences hath been of late with a world of martial Discipline drawn into its *close Order*, so that a View or a Muster may be taken of it with abundance of Expedition. For this great Blessing we are wholly indebted to *Systems* and *Abstracts*, in which the *modern* Fathers of Learning, like prudent Usurers, spent their Sweat for the Ease of us their Children. For *Labour* is the Seed of *Idleness*, and it is the peculiar Happiness of our noble Age to gather the *Fruit*.

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NOW the Method of growing Wise, Learned, and *Sublime*, having become so regular an Affair, and so establish'd in all its Forms ; the Number of Writers must needs have increas'd accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckon'd, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new Matter left in Nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular Subject to the extent of a Volume. This I am told by a very skilful *Computer*, who hath given a full Demonstration of it from Rules of *Arithmetick*.

THIS perhaps may be objected against, by those who maintain the Infinity of Matter, and therefore will not allow that any *Species* of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest Branch of *modern* Wit or Invention, planted and cultivated by the present Age, and which of all others hath born the most and the fairest Fruit. For tho some Remains of it were left us by the *Antients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into Systems of *modern* Use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has in some sort been both invented and brought

brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated Talent among the *modern Wits*, of deducing Similitudes, Allusions, and Applications, very surprizing, agreeable, and apposite, from the *Genitals* of either Sex, together with *their proper Uses*. And truly having observ'd how little Invention bears any Vogue, besides what is deriv'd into these *Channels*, I have sometimes had a Thought, That the happy Genius of our Age and Country, was prophetically held forth by that antient \* typical Description of the *Indian Pygmies*; whose *Stature did not exceed above two Foot, sed quorum pudenda crassa, & ad talos usque pertingentia*. Now I have been very curious to inspect the late Productions, wherein the Beauties of this kind have most prominently appear'd. And altho this *Vein* hath bled so freely, and all Endeavours have been used in the power of human Breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the *Scythians*, † who had a Custom, † *Herodot. l. 4 and an Instrument, to blow up the Privities of their Mares, that they might yield the more Milk*. Yet I am under an Apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all Recovery; and that either some new *Fonde* of Wit should, if possi-

\* *Ctesie fragm. apud Photium.*

† *Herodot. l. 4*

possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with Repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

THIS will stand as an uncontestable Argument, that our *modern* Wits are not to reckon upon the Infinity of Matter, for a constant Supply. What remains therefore, but that our last Recourse must be had to large *Indexes*, and little *Compendiums*; *Quotations* must be plentifully gather'd and book'd in Alphabet: To this end, tho Authors need be little consulted, yet *Criticks*, and *Commentators*, and *Lexicons* carefully must. But above all, those judicious Collectors of *bright Parts*, and *Flowers*, and *Observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some call'd the *Sieves* and *Boulters* of Learning; tho it is left undetermin'd, whether they dealt in *Pearls* or *Meal*; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which *passed thro*, or what *staid behind*.

BY these Methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a Writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal Subjects. For what tho his *Head* be empty, provided his *Common-place-Book* be full: And if you will bate him but the Circumstances of *Method*, and *Stile*, and *Grammar*, and *Invention*; allow him but the

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the common Privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more Ingredients towards fitting up a Treatise, that shall make a very comely Figure on a Bookseller's Shelf, there to be preserv'd neat and clean, for a long Eternity, adorn'd with the Heraldry of its Title, fairly inscrib'd on a Label; never to be thumb'd or greas'd by Students, nor bound to everlasting Chains of Darkness in a Library: But when the Fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the Trial of Purgatory, in order to *ascend the Sky*.

WITHOUT these Allowances, how is it possible we *modern* Wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our Collections listed under so many thousand Heads of a different nature? for want of which, the Learned World would be depriv'd of infinite Delight as well as Instruction, and we our selves bury'd beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguish'd Oblivion.

FROM such Elements as these, I am alive to behold the Day, wherein the Corporation of Authors can out-vie all its Brethren in the *Field*. A Happiness deriv'd to us, with a great many others, from



from our *Scythian* Ancestors; among whom, the Number of *Pens* was so infinite, that the \* *Grecians*

\* *Herodot.* l. 4. Eloquence had noother way of expressing it, than by saying, *That in the Regions, far to the North, it was hardly possible for a Man to travel, the very Air was so replete with Feathers.*

THE Necessity of this Digression will easily excuse the Length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious Reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great Alacrity to pursue a more important Concern.

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S E C T.

## S E C T. VIII.

## A T A L E of a T U B.

THE Learned *Æolists* maintain the Original Cause of all Things to be *Wind*, from which Principle this whole Universe was at first produc'd, and into which it must at last be resolv'd; that the same Breath which had kindled and blew up the Flame of Nature, should one day blow it out.

*Quod procul à nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans.*

THIS is what the *Adepti* understand by their *Anima Mundi*; that is to say, the *Spirit*, or *Breath*, or *Wind* of the World: or examine the whole System by the Particulars of Nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *Forma informans* of Man by the name of *Spiritus*, *Animus*, *Aflatus*, or *Anima*; what are all these, but several Appellations for *Wind*? which is the ruling *Element* in every Compound, and into which they all resolve upon their Corruption. Farther, what is Life it self,

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but as it is commonly call'd, the *Breath* of our Nostrils? Whence it is very justly observ'd by Naturalists, that *Wind* still continues of great Emolument in certain *Mysteries* not to be named ; giving occasion for those happy Epithets of *Turgidus* and *Inflatus*, apply'd either to the *Emittent* or *Recipient* Organs.

BY what I have gather'd out of ancient Records, I find, the *Compass* of their Doctrine took into two and thirty Points; wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important Precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted ; among which, the following Maxim was of much weight, That since *Wind* had the Master-share, as well as Operation in every Compound, by consequence those Beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *Primordium* appears most prominently to abound : and therefore *Man* is in highest perfection of all created Things, as having by the great Bounty of Philosophers been endu'd with three distinct *Anima's* or *Winds* ; to which the sage *Æolists*, with much Liberality, have added a fourth, of equal Necessity as well as Ornament with the other three ; by this *quartum Principium* taking in the four Corners of the World. Which gave occasion to that  
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Renown'd Cabbalist *Bumbastus*, of placing the Body of Man in due position to the four *Cardinal Points*.

IN consequence of this their next Principle was, that *Man* brings with him into the World a peculiar Portion, or Grain of *Wind*, which may be call'd a *Quinta Essentia*, extracted from the other four. This *Quintessence* is of Catholick Use upon all Emergencies of Life, is improvable into all Arts and Sciences, and may be wonderfully refin'd, as well as enlarg'd, by certain Methods in Education. This, when *blown* up to its Perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a Bushel, but freely communicated to Mankind. Upon these Reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise *Aolists* affirm the Gift of BELCHING to be the noblest Act of a rational Creature. To cultivate which Art, and render it more serviceable to Mankind, they made use of several Methods. At certain Seasons of the year you might behold the Priests amongst them in vast numbers, with their *Mouths gaping wide against the Storm*. At other times were to be seen several Hundreds link'd together in a circular Chain, with every Man a Pair of Bellows apply'd to his Neighbour's Breech, by which they

blew up each other to the Shape and Size of a *Tun*; and for that reason, with great Propriety of Speech, did usually call their Bodies their *Vessels*. When by these and the like Performances they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue for the Publick Good a plentiful Share of their Acquirements into their Disciples Chaps: For we must here observe, that all Learning was esteem'd among them to be compounded from the same Principle. Because, First, it is generally affirm'd or confess'd, that *Learning puffeth Men up*. And, Secondly, they prov'd it by the following Syllogism, *Words are but Wind, and Learning is nothing but Words; ergo, Learning is nothing but Wind*. For this reason the Philosophers among them did, in their Schools, deliver to their Pupils all their Doctrines and Opinions by *Erucation*, wherein they had acquir'd a wonderful Eloquence and of incredible Variety. But the great Characteristick, by which their chief Sages were best distinguish'd, was a certain Position of Countenance, which gave undoubted Intelligence to what Degree or Proportion the Spirit agitated the inward Mass: For after certain Gripings, the *Wind* and Vapours issuing forth; having first by their Turbulence and Convulsions within,

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caus'd an Earthquake in Man's little World ; distorted the Mouth, bloated the Cheeks, and gave the Eyes a terrible kind of *Relievo*. At which Junctures, all their *Belches* were receiv'd for sacred, the souden the better, and swallow'd with infinite Consolation by their meager Devotees. And to render these yet more compleat, because the Breath of Man's Life is in his Nostrils ; therefore the choicest, most edifying and most enlivening *Belches* were very wisely convey'd thro that Vehicle, to give them a Tincture as they pass'd.

THEIR Gods were the four *Winds*, whom they worship'd, as the Spirits that pervade and enliven the Universe, and as those from whom alone all *Inspiration* can properly be said to proceed. However the chief of these, to whom they perform'd the Adoration of *Latria*, was the *Almighty North*. An antient Deity, whom the Inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in *Greece* had likewise in highest Reverence : \* *Omnium Deorum* \* *Pausan.* l. 8. *Boream maxime celebrant.*

This God, tho endu'd with Ubiquity, was yet suppos'd by the profounder *Æolists*, to possess one peculiar Habitation, or (to speak in form) a *Cælum Empryreum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain Region,

well known to the antient *Greeks*, by them call'd *Σκοτία*, or the *Land of Darkness*. And altho many Controversies have arisen upon that Matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a Region of the like *Denomination* the most refin'd *Æolists* have borrow'd their Original ; from whence, in every Age, the zealous among their Priesthood have brought over their choicest *Inspiration*, fetching it with their own Hands from the Fountain-Head in certain *Bladders*, and dislodging it among the Sectaries in all Nations, who did, and do, and ever will daily gasp and pant after it.

N O W their Mysteries and Rites were perform'd in this manner. 'Tis well known among the Learned, that the Virtuoso's of former Ages had a Contrivance for carrying and preserving *Winds* in Casks or Barrels, which was of great Assistance upon long Sea-Voyages ; and the Loss of so useful an Art at present is very much to be lamented, tho I know not how, with great Negligence omitted by *Pancirollus*. It was an Invention ascrib'd to *Æolus* himself, from whom this Sect is denominated, and who, in honour to their Founder's Memory, have to this day preserv'd great Numbers of those *Barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their Temples,  
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first beating out the top. Into this *Barrel*, upon solemn days, the Priest enters; where having before duly prepar'd himself by the Methods already describ'd, a secret Funnel is also convey'd from his Posteriors to the bottom of the Barrel, which admits new Supplies of Inspiration from a *Northern Chink* or *Crany*. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the Shape and Size of his *Vessel*. In this Posture he disembogues whole Tempests upon his Auditory, as the Spirit from beneath gives him Utterance; which issuing *ex adytis* and *penetralibus*, is not perform'd without much Pain and Gripings. And the *Wind* in breaking forth deals with his Face, as it does with that of the Sea; first *blackning*, then *wrinkling*, and at last *bursting it into a Foam*. It is in this Guise the sacred *Aolist* delivers his oracular *Belches* to his panting Disciples; of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctify'd Breath; others are all the while hymning out the Praises of the *Winds*, and gently wafted to and fro by their own Humming, do thus represent the soft Breezes of their Deities appear'd.

IT is from this Custom of the Priests, that some Authors maintain these *Aolists* to have been very antient in the World; because the Delivery of their Mysteries,

which I have just now mention'd, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient Oracles, whose Inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous *Effluviūms* of *Wind*, deliver'd with the same Pain to the Priest, and much about the same Influence on the People. It is true indeed, that these were frequently manag'd and directed by *Female* Officers, whose Organs were understood to be better dispos'd for the admission of those Oracular *Gusts*, as entring and passing up thro a Receptacle of greater Capacity, and causing also a Pruriency by the way, such as with due Management, hath been refin'd from Carnal into a Spiritual Extasy. And to strengthen this profound Conjecture, it is further insisted, that this Custom of *Female* Priests is kept up still in certain refin'd Colleges of our *Modern Æolists*, who are agreed to receive their Inspiration, deriv'd thro the Receptacle aforesaid, like their Ancestors, the *Sybils*.

AND, whereas the Mind of Man, when he gives the Spur and Bridle to his Thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally fallies out into both Extreāms of High and Low, of Good and Evil; his first Flight of Fancy, commonly transports him to Idea's of what is most perfect, finish'd, and exalted; till having soar'd  
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out of his own Reach and Sight, not well perceiving how near the Frontiers of Heighth and Depth border upon each other ; with the same Course and Wing, he falls down plum into the lowest Bottom of Things ; like one who travels the *East* into the *West* ; or like a strait Line drawn by its own Length into a Circle. Whether a Tincture of Malice in our Natures, makes us fond of furnishing every bright Idea with its Reverse ; or whether Reason, reflecting upon the Sum of Things, can, like the Sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the Globe, leaving the other half, by Necessity, under Shade and Darknes : or, whether Fancy, flying up to the Imagination of what is Highest and Best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead Bird of Paradiſe, to the ground : or whether, after all these *Metaphysical* Conjectures, I have not entirely miſs'd the true Reason ; the Proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much Circumſtance, is altogether true ; That, as the most unciviliz'd Parts of Mankind have ſome way or other climb'd up into the Conception of a *God*, or Supreme Power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their Fears with certain ghastly Notions, which inſtead of better, have ſerv'd them pretty tolerably for a *Devil*. And this



Proceedings seems to be natural enough; for it is with Men, whose Imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate, as with those whose Bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the Advantage of a nearer Contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrify'd with the dismal Prospect of the Precipice below. Thus, in the Choice of a *Devil*, it hath been the usual Method of Mankind to single out some Being, either in Act, or in Vision, which was in most Antipathy to the God they had fram'd. Thus also the Sect of *Æolists* possess'd themselves with a Dread, and Horror, and Hatred of two malignant Natures, betwixt whom, and the Deities they ador'd, perpetual Enmity was establish'd. The first of these, was the *Camelion*, sworn Foe to *Inspiration*; who, in Scorn, devour'd large Influences of their God, without refunding the smallest Blast by *Eruetation*. The other was a huge terrible Monster, call'd *Moulinavent*, who with four strong Arms, wag'd eternal Battle with all their Divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their Blows, and repay them with Interest.

THUS furnish'd, and set out with *Gods* as well as *Devils*, was the renown'd Sect of *Molists*, which makes at this day

day so illustrious a Figure in the World, and whereof that polite Nation of *Laplanders*, are beyond all doubt a most authentick Branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without Injustice, here omit to make honourable mention, since they appear to be so closely ally'd in point of Interest as well as Inclinations with their Brother *Æolists* among us, as not only to buy their *Winds* by wholesale from the same Merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to Customers much alike.

NOW whether the System here deliver'd was wholly compil'd by *Jack*, or, as some Writers believe, rather copy'd from the Original at *Delphos*, with certain Additions and Emendations suited to Times and Circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that *Jack* gave it at least a new Turn, and form'd it into the same Dress and Model, as it lies deduc'd by me.

I HAVE long sought after this Opportunity of doing justice to a Society of Men, for whom I have a peculiar Honour, and whose Opinions, as well as Practices, have been extremely misrepresented, and traduc'd by the Malice  
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or Ignorance of their Adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human Actions to remove Prejudices, and place Things in their truest and fairest Light ; which I therefore boldly undertake without any Regard of my own, beside the Conscience, the Honour, and the Thanks.

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## S E C T. IX.

*A Digression concerning the Original,  
the Use and Improvement of Mad-  
ness in a Commonwealth.*

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just Reputation of this famous Sect, that its Rise and Institution are owing to such an Author as I have describ'd *Jack* to be; a Person whose Intellectuals were overturn'd, and his Brain shaken out of his natural Position: which we commonly suppose to be a Distemper, and call by the Name of *Madness* or *Phrenzy*. For, if we take a Survey of the greatest Actions that have been perform'd in the World, under the Influence of single Men; which are, *The Establishment of new Empires by Conquest*; the

*Ad.*

*Advance and Progress of new Schemes in Philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new Religions:* We shall find the Authors of them all, to have been Persons whose natural Reason hath admitted great Revolutions from their Diet, their Education, the Prevalency of some certain Temper, together with the particular Influence of Air and Climate. Besides, there is something individual in human Minds, that easily kindles at the accidental Approach and Collision of certain Circumstances, which, tho of paltry and mean Appearance, do often flame out into the greatest Emergencies of Life. For great Turns are not always given by strong Hands, but by lucky Adaption, and at proper Seasons; and it is of no import, where the Fire was kindled, if the Vapour has once got up into the Brain. For the *upper Region* of Man is furnish'd like the *middle Region* of the Air; the Materials are form'd from Causes of the widest Difference, yet produce at last the same Substance and Effect. Mists arise from the Earth, Steams from Dunghils, Exhalations from the Sea, and Smoke from Fire; yet all Clouds are the same in Composition, as well as Consequences: and the Fumes issuing from a Jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a Vapour, as Incense from  
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an Altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me : and then it will follow, that as the Face of Nature never produces Rain, but when it is overcast and disturb'd ; so human Understanding, seated in the Brain, must be troubled and overspread by Vapours, ascending from the lower Faculties, to water the Invention, and render it fruitful. Now, altho these Vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various Original, as those of the Skies, yet the Crop they produce, differs both in Kind and Degree, meerly according to the Soil. I will produce two Instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A CERTAIN great Prince rais'd a mighty Army, fill'd his Coffers with infinite Treasures, provided an invincible Fleet ; and all this, without giving the least Part of his Design to his greatest Ministers, or his nearest Favourites. Immediately the whole World was alarm'd ; the neighbouring Crowns in trembling Expectation, towards what Point the Storm would burst ; the small Politicians every where forming profound Conjectures. Some believ'd he had laid a Scheme for Universal Monarchy : Others, after much Insight, determin'd the Matter to be a Project for pulling down the *Pope,*  
and



and setting up the *Reform'd* Religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper Sagacity sent him into *Asia* to subdue the *Turk*, and recover *Palestine*. In the midst of all these Projects and Preparations, a certain *State-Surgeon*, gathering the Nature of the Disease by these Symptoms, attempted the Cure, at one Blow perform'd the Operation, broke the Bag, and out flew the *Vapour*; nor did any thing want to render it a compleat Remedy, only that the Prince unfortunately happen'd to die in the Performance. Now, is the Reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *Vapour* took its Rise, which had so long set the Nations at a Gaze? What secret Wheel, what hidden Spring could put into Motion so wonderful an Engine? It was afterwards discover'd, that the Movement of this whole Machine had been directed by an absent *Female*, whose Eyes had rais'd a Protuberancy, and before Emission, she was remov'd into an Enemy's Country. What should an unhappy Prince do in such ticklish Circumstances as these? He try'd in vain the Poet's never-failing Receipt of *Corpora quaque*; For,

*Idque*

*Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia  
 amore ;  
 Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestigt; coire.  
 Lucr.*

HAVING to no purpose us'd all peaceable Endeavours, he collected part of the *Semen*, rais'd and inflam'd, became adust, converted to Cholera, turn'd head upon the spinal Duët, and ascended to the Brain. The very same Principle that influences a *Bully* to break the Windows of a Whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great Prince to raise mighty Armies, and dream of nothing but Sieges, Battles, and Victories.

——— *Cunus teterrimi belli*  
*Causa* ———

THE other Instance is, what I have read somewhere, in a very antient Author, of a mighty King, who for the space of above thirty Years amus'd himself to take and lose Towns; beat Armies, and be beaten; drive Princes out of their Dominions; fright Children from their Bread and Butter: burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre Subject and Stranger, Friend and Foe, Male and Female. 'Tis recorded, that the Philosophers

phers of each Country were in grave dispute upon Causes Natural, Moral and Political, to find out where they should assign an original Solution of this *Phenomenon*. At last the *Vapour* or *Spirit*, which animated the Hero's Brain, being in perpetual Circulation, seiz'd upon that Region of human Body, so renown'd for furnishing the *Zibeta Occidentalis*, and gathering there into a Tumor, left the rest of the World for that Time in Peace. Of such mighty Consequence it is, where those Exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same Spirits which in their superior Progress would conquer a Kingdom, descending upon the *Annus*, conclude in a *Fistula*.

LET us next examine the great Introducers of new Schemes in Philosophy, and search till we can find, from what Faculty of the Soul the Disposition arises in mortal Man, of taking it into his Head, to advance new Systems with such an eager Zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what Seeds this Disposition springs, and to what Quality of human Nature these grand Innovators have been indebted for their Number of Disciples. Because, it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both *Antient* and *Modern*, were usually

usually mistaken by their Adversaries, and indeed, by all, except their own Followers, to have been Persons craz'd, or out of their Wits, having generally proceeded in the common Course of their Words and Actions, by a Method very different from the vulgar Dictates of *unrefin'd* Reason: agreeing for the most part in their several Models, with their present undoubted Successors in the *Academy of Modern Bedlam* (whose Merits and Principles I shall further examine in due Place.) Of this kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelsus*, *Des Cartes*, and others; who, if they were now in the World, ty'd fast, and separate from their Followers, would in this our undistinguishing Age, incur manifest Danger of *Phlebotomy*, and *Whips*, and *Chains*, and *dark Chambers*, and *Straw*. For what Man in the natural State, or Course of Thinking, did ever conceive it in his power, to reduce the Notions of all Mankind, exactly to the same Length, and Breadth, and Heighth of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil Design of all Innovators in the Empire of Reason. *Epicurus* modestly hop'd, that one time or other, a certain fortuitous Concurrence of all Mens Opinions, after perpetual Justlings, the Sharp with the Smooth, the Light and the Heavy, the Round and

the

the Square, would by certain *Clinamina*, unite in the Notions of *Atoms* and *Void*, as these did in the Originals of all Things. *Cartesius* reckon'd to see before he died the Sentiments of all Philosophers, like so many lesser Stars in his *Romantick* System, wrap'd and drawn within his own *Vortex*. Now, I would gladly be inform'd, how it is possible to account for such Imaginations as these in particular Men, without recourse to my *Phaenomenon* of *Vapours*, ascending from the lower Faculties to over-shadow the Brain, and their distilling into Conceptions, for which the Narrowness of our Mother-Tongue has not yet assign'd any other Name besides that of *Madness* or *Phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great Prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their Notions with a Number of implicate Disciples. And, I think, the Reason is easy to be assign'd: for there is a peculiar *String* in the Harmony of human Understanding, which in several Individuals is exactly of the same Tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right Key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will by a secret necessary Sympathy, strike exactly at the same time.



time. And in this one Circumstance lies all the Skill or Luck of the matter ; for if you chance to jar the String among those who are either above or below your own Height, instead of subscribing to your Doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with Bread and Water. It is therefore a Point of the nicest Conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble Talent, with respect to the Differences of Persons and of Times. *Cicero* understood this very well, when writing to a Friend in *England*, with a Caution, among other Matters, to beware of being cheated by our *Hackney-Coachmen* (who, it seems, in those days, were as errant Rascals as they are now)

has these remarkable Words: \* *Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.* \* *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.* For, to speak a bold Truth, it is a fatal Miscarriage, so ill to order Affairs, as to pass for a *Fool* in one Company, when in another you might be treated as a *Philosopher*. Which I desire some certain Gentlemen of my Acquaintance to lay up in their Hearts as a very seasonable *Innuendo*.

THIS, indeed, was the fatal Mistake of that worthy Gentleman, my most ingenious Friend, Mr. *Warr-n*, a Person, in

in appearance, ordain'd for great Designs;  
 as well as Performances, whether you  
 will consider his *Notions* or his *Looks*.  
 Surely, no Man ever advanc'd into the  
 Publick, with fitter Qualifications of Bo-  
 dy and Mind, for the Propagation of  
 a new Religion. Oh, had those happy  
 Talents misapply'd to vain Philosophy,  
 been turn'd into their proper Channels  
 of *Dreams* and *Visions*, where *Distortion*  
 of Mind and Countenance, are of such  
 sovereign Use; the base detracting World  
 would not then have dar'd to report;  
 that something is amiss, that his Brain  
 hath undergone an unlucky Shake; which  
 even his Brother *Modernists* themselves,  
 like Ungrates, do whisper so loud, that  
 it reaches up to the very Garret I am now  
 writing in.

LASTLY, Whosoever pleases to look  
 into the Fountains of *Enthusiasm*, from  
 whence, in all Ages, hath eternally pro-  
 ceeded such fatning Streams, will find  
 the Spring Head to have been as *troubled*  
 and *muddy* as the Current; of such great  
 Emolument is a Tincture of this *Va-*  
*pour*, which the World calls *Madness*,  
 that without its Help the World would  
 not only be depriv'd of those two great  
 Blessings, *Conquests* and *Systems*, but even  
 all Mankind would unhappily be reduc'd  
 to

to the same Belief in Things Invisible. Now the former *Postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what Originals this *Vapour* proceeds, nor either in what *Angles* it strikes and spreads over the Understanding, or upon what *Species* of Brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate Point to cut the Feather, and divide the several Reasons to a nice and curious Reader, how this numerical Difference in the Brain can produce Effects of so vast a Difference from the same Vapour, as to be the sole Point of Individuation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and *Monsieur Des Cartes*. The present Argument is the most abstracted that ever I engag'd in, it strains my Faculties to their highest Stretch; and I desire the Reader to attend with utmost Perpensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty Point.

THERE is in Mankind a certain \*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hic multa* \* \* \* \* \*

*desiderantur.* \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

And this I take to be a clear Solution of the Matter.

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HAVING therefore so narrowly past thro this intricate Difficulty, the Reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the Conclusion ; That if the *Moderns* mean by *Madness* only a Disturbance or Transposition of the Brain, by force of certain *Vapours* issuing up from the lower Faculties, then has this *Madness* been the Parent of all those mighty Revolutions that have happen'd in *Empire*, in *Philosophy*, and in *Religion*. For the Brain, in its natural Position and State of Serenity, disposeth its Owner to pass his Life in the common Forms, without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own *Power*, his *Reasons*, or his *Visions* ; and the more he shapes his Understanding by the Pattern of human Learning, the less he is inclin'd to form *Parties* after his particular Notions ; because that instructs him in his private Infirmities, as well as in the stubborn Ignorance of the People. But when a Man's Fancy gets *astride* on his Reason, when Imagination is at Cuffs with the Senses, and common Understanding as well as common Sense is kick'd out of doors ; the first Profelyte he makes is himself, and when that is once compass'd, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others : A strong Delusion always operating from *without*, as vigorously as from *within*. For Cant and Vision are to  
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the Ear and the Eye, the same that Tickling is to the Touch. These Entertainments and Pleasures we must value in Life, are such as *dupe* and play the Wag with the Senses. For if we take an Examination of what is generally understood by *Happiness*, as it has respect either to the Understanding or the Senses, we shall find all its Properties and Adjuncts will herd under this short Definition; That *it is a perpetual Possession of being well deceiv'd*. And first, with relation to the Mind or Understanding, 'tis manifest what mighty Advantages Fiction has over Truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because Imagination can build nobler Scenes, and produce more wonderful Revolutions than Fortune or Nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is Mankind so much to blame in his Choice thus determining him, if we consider that the Debate merely lies between *Things past* and *Things conceiv'd*; and so the question is only this, Whether Things that have place in the *Imagination*, may not as properly be said to *exist*, as those that are seated in the *Memory*? which may be justly held in the Affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledg'd to be the *Womb* of Things, and the other allow'd to be no more than the *Grave*. Again, if we take this Definition of Happiness,

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piness, and examine it with reference to the Senses, it will be acknowledg'd wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all Objects accost us, that are not convey'd in the Vehicle of *Delusion*? How shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the Glass of Nature? So that if it were not for the assistance of artificial *Mediums*, false Lights, refracted Angles, Varnish and Tinsel; there would be a mighty Level in the Felicity and Enjoyment of mortal Man. If this were seriously consider'd by the World, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will; Men would no longer reckon among their high Points of Wisdom, the Art of exposing weak sides, and publishing Infirmities: an Employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of *Unmasking*; which I think has never been allow'd fair Usage, either in the *World* or the *Play-house*.

IN the proportion that Credulity is a more peaceful Possession of the Mind than Curiosity, so far preferable is that Wisdom, which converses about the Surface, to that pretended Philosophy which enters into the Depth of Things, and then comes gravely back with Informations and Discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two Senses, to which all Objects first address themselves, are the

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Sight

Sight and the Touch: These never examine farther than the Colour, the Shape, the Size, and whatever other Qualities dwell or are drawn by Art upon the outward of Bodies ; and then comes Reason officiously, with Tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite thro. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting Nature ; one of whose eternal Laws it is, to put her best Furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the Charges of all such expensive Anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the Reader, that in such Conclusions as these Reason is certainly in the right, and that in most corporeal Beings, which have fallen under my Cognizance, the Outside hath been infinitely preferable to the *In* : whereof I have been farther convinc'd from some late Experiments. Last week I saw a Woman *flay'd*, and you will hardly believe, how much it alter'd her Person for the worse. Yesterday I order'd the Carcass of a *Beau* to be strip'd in my presence, when we were all amaz'd to find so many unsuspected Faults under one Suit of Clothes : Then I laid open his *Brain*, his *Heart*, and his *Spleen* ; but I plainly perceiv'd at every Operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found  
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the Defects increase upon us in Number and Bulk : from all which, I justly form'd this Conclusion to my self ; That whatever Philosopher or Projector can find out an Art to sodder and patch up the Flaws and Imperfections of Nature, will deserve much better of Mankind, and teach us a more useful Science, than that so much in present Esteem, of widening and exposing them (like him who held *Anatomy* to be the ultimate End of *Physick*.) And he, whose Fortunes and Dispositions have placed him in a convenient Station to enjoy the Fruits of this noble Art ; he that can with *Epicurus* content his Idea's with the *Films* and *Images* that fly off upon his Senses from the *Superficies* of things ; such a Man, truly wise, creams off Nature, leaving the Sour and the Dregs for Philosophy and Reason to lay up. This is the sublime and refin'd Point of Felicity, call'd *the Possession of being well deceiv'd* ; the serene peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves.

BUT to return to *Madness*. It is certain, that according to the System I have above deduc'd, every *Species* thereof proceeds from a Redundancy of *Vapour* ; therefore as some kinds of *Phrenzy* give double strength to the Sinews, so there are of other *Species*, which add Vigour,

and Life, and Spirit to the Brain. Now it usually happens, that these active Spirits getting possession of the Brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty Dwellings; which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the House, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically display'd the two principal Branches of *Madness*; and which some Philosophers not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their Causes, over-hastily assigning the first to Deficiency, and the other to Redundance.

I THINK it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanc'd, that the main Point of Skill and Address, is to furnish Employment for this Redundancy of *Vapour*, and prudently to adjust the Seasons of it: by which means it may certainly become a Cardinal and Catholick Emolument in a Commonwealth. Thus one Man chusing a proper Juncture, leaps into a Gulph, from thence proceeds a Hero, and is call'd the Saver of his Country; another atchieves the same Enterprize, but unluckily timing it, has left the Brand of *Madness* fix'd as a Reproach upon his Memory: upon so nice a Distinction are we taught to repeat the Name of *Curtius* with Reverence and Love; that of *Empedocles* with

with Hatred and Contempt. Thus also it is usually conceiv'd, that the elder *Brutus* only personated the *Fool* and *Madman* for the Good of the Publick: but this was nothing else than a Redundancy of the same *Vapour*, long misapply'd, call'd by the *Latins*, \* *Ingenium par negotiis*; or (to translate it \* *Tacit.* as nearly as I can) a sort of *Phrenzy*, never in its right Element, till you take it up in Business of the State.

UPON all which, and many other Reasons of equal Weight, tho not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an Opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble Undertaking, to Sir E——d S——r, Sir C——r M——ve, Sir J——n B——ls, J——n H—— Esq; and other Patriots concern'd, that they would move for Leave to bring in a Bill, for appointing Commissioners to inspect into *Bedlam*, and the Parts adjacent; who shall be empower'd to send for Persons, Papers, and Records; to examine into the Merits and Qualifications of every Student and Professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several Dispositions and Behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their Talents, they might produce admirable Instruments for the several



Offices in a State, \* \* \* \* \*  
*Civil* and *Military*; proceeding in such  
 methods as I shall here humbly propose.  
 And I hope the gentle Reader will give  
 some allowance to my great Sollicitudes  
 in this important Affair, upon account of  
 that high Esteem I have ever born that  
 honourable Society, whereof I had some  
 time the Happiness to be an unworthy  
 Member.

IS any Student tearing his Straw in  
 piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming,  
 biting his Grate, foaming at the mouth,  
 and emptying his Piss-pot in the Specta-  
 tors faces? Let the Right Worshipful,  
*the Commissioners of Inspection*, give him a  
 Regiment of Dragoons, and send him  
 into *Flanders* among the *rest*. Is another  
 eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawl-  
 ing, in a Sound without Period or Arti-  
 cle? What wonderful Talents are here  
 misslaid! Let him be furnish'd imme-  
 diately with a green Bag  
 and Papers, and \* *Three-*  
*pence* in his pocket, and a-  
 way with him to *Westminster-Hall*. You  
 will find a third, gravely taking the di-  
 mensions of his Kennel; a Person of Fore-  
 sight and Infight, tho kept quite in the  
 dark; for why, like *Moses*, *Ecce cornuta*  
*erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one  
 pace,

\* *A Lawyer's*  
*Coach-hire.*

pace, intreats your Penny with due Gravity and Ceremony, talks much of hard Times, and Taxes, and the *Whore of Babylon* ; bars up the Wooden of his Cell constantly at eight a clock ; dreams of *Fire*, and *Shop-lifters*, and *Court-Customers*, and *Privileg'd Places*. Now what a figure would all these Acquirements amount to, if the Owner were sent into the *City* among his Brethren ! Behold a fourth, in much and deep Conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper Junctures ; his Countenance chequer'd with Business and Design ; sometimes walking very fast, with his Eyes nail'd to a Paper that he holds in his hands : a great Saver of Time, somewhat thick of Hearing, very short of Sight, but more of Memory : A Man ever in haste, a great Hatcher and Breeder of Business, and excellent at the famous Art of *whispering Nothing*. A huge Idolater of *Monosyllables* and Procrastination : so ready to give his Word to every body, that he never keeps it. One that has forgot the common *Meaning* of words, but an admirable Retainer of the *Sound*. Extremely subject to the *Looseness*, for his *Occasions* are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his Grate in his familiar Intervals ; Sir, says he, give me a Penny, and I'll sing you a Song : But give me the Penny first. (Hence comes the

common Saying, and commoner Practice, of parting with Money for a *Song*.) What a compleat System of *Court-Skill* is here describ'd in every Branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong Application? Accost the Hole of another Kennel, first stopping your Nose, you will behold a furly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly Mortal, raking in his own Dung, and dabling in his Urine. The best part of his Diet is the Reversion of his own Ordure, which expiring into Steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His Complexion is of a dirty Yellow, with a thin scatter'd Beard, exactly agreeable to that of his Diet upon its first Declination; like other Insects, who having their Birth and Education in an Excrement, from thence borrow their Colour and their Smell. The Student of this Apartment is very sparing of his Words, but somewhat over-liberal of his Breath; he holds his Hand out ready to receive your Penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former Occupations. Now is it not amazing to think, the Society of *Warwick Lane* should have no more Concern for the Recovery of so useful a Member; who, if one may judg from these Appearances, would become the greatest Ornament to that Illustrious Body? Another Student struts up fiercely to your teeth,

teeth, puffing with his Lips, half squeezing out his Eyes, and very graciously holds you out his Hand to kiss. The *Keeper* desires you not to be afraid of this Professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allow'd the Liberty of the Anti-Chamber, and the *Orator* of the Place gives you to understand, that this solemn Person is a *Taylor* run mad with Pride. This considerable Student is adorn'd with many other Qualities, upon which at present I shall not further enlarge. ---

--- *Heark in your Ear* - - - - -  
I am strangely mistaken, if all his Address, his Motions, and his Airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper Element.

I SHALL not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of *Beaux*, *Fiddlers*, *Poets*, and *Politicians*, that the World might recover by such a Reformation: but what is more material, beside the clear Gain redounding to the Commonwealth, by so large an Acquisition of Persons to employ, whose Talents and Acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now bury'd, or at least misapply'd; it would be a mighty Advantage accruing to the Publick from this Enquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their se-

veral kinds: which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and shall inforce by this one plain Instance; That even I myself, the Author of these momentous Truths, am a Person whose Imaginations are hard-mouth'd, and exceedingly dispos'd to run away with his *Reason*, which I have observ'd from long Experience to be a very light Rider, and easily shook off: Upon which account my Friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn Promise to vent my Speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal Benefit of Human Kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid Reader, brim-full of that *modern* Charity and Tendernefs usually annex'd to his *Office*, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

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## S E C T. X.

## A TALE of a TUB.

IT is an unanswerable Argument of a very refined Age, the wonderful Civilities that have pass'd of late Years between the Nation of *Authors* and that of *Readers*. There can hardly pop out a *Play*, a *Pamphlet*, or a *Poem*, without a Preface full of Acknowledgments to the World, for the general Reception and Applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it receiv'd. In due deference to so laudable a Custom, I do here return my humble Thanks to *his Majesty*, and both Houses of *Parliament*; to the *Lords* of the King's most honourable *Privy-Council*, to the Reverend the *Judges*; to the *Clergy*, and *Gentry*, and *Yeomanry* of this Land: but in a more especial manner, to my worthy Brethren and Friends at *Will's Coffee-house*, and *Gresham-College*, and *Warwick-Lane*, and *Moorfields*, and *Scotland-Yard*, and *Westminster-Hall*, and *Guild-Hall*: in short, to all *Inhabitants* and *Retainers* whatsoever, either in Court,

or

or Church, or Camp, or City, or Coun-  
try; for their generous and universal Ac-  
ceptance of this Divine Treatise. I accept  
their Approbation and good Opinion with  
extreme Gratitude, and to the utmost of  
my poor Capacity, shall take hold of all  
Opportunities to return the Obligation.

I A M also happy, that Fate has flung  
me into so blessed an Age for the mutual  
Felicity of *Booksellers* and *Authors*, whom  
I may safely affirm to be at this day the  
two only satisfy'd Parties in *England*. Ask  
an *Author* how his last Piece hath suc-  
ceeded, *Why truly he thanks his Stars, the  
World has been very favourable, and he has  
not the least reason to complain: And yet,  
By G —, he writ it in a week at Bits and  
Starts, when he could steal an hour from  
his urgent Affairs: as, it is a hundred to  
one, you may see further in the Preface;  
to which he refers you, and for the rest,  
to the Bookseller. There you go as a  
Customer, and make the same question:  
He blesses his God, the Thing takes wonder-  
fully; he is just printing a second Edition,  
and has but three left in his Shop. You beat  
down the Price; Sir, we shall not differ:  
and in hopes of your Custom another  
time, lets you have it as reasonable as you  
please. And pray send as many of your  
Acquaintance as you will, I shall upon  
your*

your account furnish them all at the same rate.

NOW it is not well enough consider'd, to what Accidents and Occasions the World is indebted for the greatest part of those noble Writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy Day, a drunken Vigil, a Fit of the Spleen, a Course of Physick, a sleepy Sunday, an ill Run at Dice, a long Taylor's Bill, a Beggar's Purse, a factious Head, a hot Surz, costive Diet, Want of Books, and a just Contempt of Learning: But for these Events, I say, and some others too long to recite, (especially a prudent Neglect of taking Brimstone inwardly) I doubt, the number of Authors and of Writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this Opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte Philosopher: 'Tis certain (said he) some Grains of Folly are of course annex'd, as part in the Composition of human Nature; only the Choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or emboss'd: and we need not go very far to seek how That is usually determin'd, when we remember it is with human Faculties as with Liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

T H E R E

THE RE is in this famous Island of *Britain* a certain paultry *Scribler*, very voluminous, whose Character the Reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of Writings, call'd *Second Parts*, and usually passes under the name of *The Author of the First*; I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my Pen, this nimble *Operator* will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done *Dr. Bl——re, L——ge*, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for Justice and Relief into the hands of that great *Rectifier of Saddles*, and *Lover of Mankind*, *Dr. B—tly*, begging he will take this enormous Grievance into his most *modern* Consideration: And if it should so happen, that the *Furniture of an Ass*, in the shape of a *Second Part*, must for my Sins be clap'd by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the World, to lighten me of the Burden, and take it home to *his own House*, till the *true Beast* thinks fit to call for it.

IN the mean time I do here give this publick Notice, that my Resolutions are to circumscribe within this Discourse the whole Stock of Matter I have been so many Years providing. Since my *Vein* is  
once

once open'd, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar Advantage of my dear Country, and for the universal Benefit of Mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my Guests; they shall have my whole Entertainment at a Meal ; and I scorn to set up the *Leavings* in the Cupboard. What the *Guests* cannot eat may be given to the *Poor*, and the *Dogs* under the Table may gnaw the *Bones*. This I understand for a more generous Proceeding, than to turn the Company's stomachs, by inviting them again to morrow to a scurvy Meal of *Scraps*.

IF the Reader fairly considers the Strength of what I have advanc'd in the foregoing Section, I am convinc'd it will produce a wonderful Revolution in his Notions and Opinions ; and he will be abundantly better prepar'd to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous Treatise. Readers may be divided into three Classes, the *Superficial*, the *Ignorant*, and the *Learned* : And I have with much Felicity fitted my Pen to the Genius and Advantage of each. The *Superficial* Reader will be strangely provok'd to *Laughter* ; which clears the Breast and the Lungs, is sovereign against the *Spleen*, and the most innocent of all *Diureticks*. The *Ignorant* Reader (between whom and the former,



former, the Distinction is extremely nice) will find himself dispos'd to *stare*; which is an admirable Remedy for ill Eyes, serves to raise and enliven the Spirits, and wonderfully helps *Perspiration*. But the Reader truly *Learned*, chiefly for whose Benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his Speculations for the rest of his Life. It were much to be wish'd, and I do here humbly propose for an Experiment, that every Prince in *Christendom* will take seven of the *deepest Scholars* in his Dominions, and shut them up close for *seven Years*, in *seven Chambers*, with a Command to write *seven* ample Commentaries on this comprehensive Discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several Conjectures, they will be all without the least distortion manifestly deducible from the Text. Meantime, it is my earnest Request, that to useful an Undertaking may be enter'd upon (if their Majesties please) with all convenient speed; because I have a strong Inclination, before I leave the World, to taste a Blessing, which we *mysterious Writers* can seldom reach till we have got into our graves. Whether it is, that *Fame* being a Fruit grafted on the Body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the

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*Stock* is in the Earth : or whether she be a Bird of Prey, as is lured among the rest, to pursue after the Scent of a *Car-cass* : or whether she conceives, her Trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a *Tomb*, by the Advantage of a rising Ground, and the Eccho of a hollow Vault.

'TIS true, indeed, the Republick of *dark* Authors, after they once found out this excellent Expedient of *Dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the Variety, as well as Extent of their Reputation. For *Night* being the universal Mother of Things, wise Philosophers hold all Writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*: And therefore the  
 \* *true Illuminated* (that is  
 to say, the *Darkest* of all)  
 \* *A Name of the Rosycrucians.*  
 have met with such numberless Commentators, whose *Scholastick* Midwifery hath deliver'd them of Meanings, that the Authors themselves perhaps never conceiv'd, and yet may very justly be allow'd the lawful Parents of them : The words of such Writers being like Seed, which, however scatter'd at random, when they light upon a fruitful Ground will multiply far beyond either the Hopes or Imagination of the Sower.

AND

AND therefore in order to promote so useful a Work, I will here take leave to glance a few *Innuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime Spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal Comment upon this wonderful Discourse. And first, I have couch'd a very profound Mystery in the Number of O's multiply'd by *Seven*, and divided by *Nine*. Also if a devout Brother of the *Rosy-Cross* will pray fervently for sixty three Mornings, with a lively Faith, and then transpose certain Letters and Syllables according to Prescription, in the second and fifth Sections ; they will certainly reveal into a full Receipt of the *Opus Magnum*. Lastly, Whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole Number of each Letter in this Treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several Numbers, assigning the true natural Cause for every such Difference ; the Discoveries in the Product will plentifully reward his Labour. But then he must beware of *Bythus* and *Sigè*, and be sure not to forget the Qualities of *Acamoth* ; *A cujus lacrymis humecta prodit Substantia, à rise lucida, à tristitiâ solidâ, & à timore mobilis* : wherein \* *Eugenius Philalethes* hath committed an unpardonable Mistake.

\* Vid. *Anima  
magica abscon-  
dita,*

SECT.

## S E C T. XI.

## A T A L E of a T U B.

AFTER so wide a Compass as I have wander'd, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my Subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even Pace to the End of my Journey, except some beautiful Prospect appears within sight of my Way; whereof, tho at present I have neither Warning or Expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my Reader's Favour and Company, allowing me to conduct him thro it along with my self. For in *Writing*, it is as in *Travelling*: If a Man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledg to be none of my Case, having never so little business, as when I am there) if his *Horse* be tir'd with long Riding, and ill Ways, or be naturally a Jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest Road, be it never so dirty; but, then surely, we must own such a Man to be a scurvy Companion at best; he *spatters* himself and his Fellow-Travellers at every step: All their Thoughts,  
and

and Wishes, and Conversation turn entirely upon the Subject of their Journey's End ; and at every Splash, and Plunge, and Stumble, they heartily wish one another at the Devil.

ON the other side, when a Traveller and his *Horse* are in Heart and Plight, when his *Purse* is full, and the Day before him ; he takes the Road only where it is clean or convenient ; entertains his Company there as agreeably as he can ; but upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful Scene in view, whether of Art, of Nature, or of both ; and if they chance to refuse out of Stupidity or Weariness, let them jog on by themselves, and be d--n'd ; he'll overtake them at the next Town : at which arriving, he rides furiously thro' the Men, Women, and Children run out to gaze, a hundred *noisy Curs* run *barking* after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a *Slash of his Whip*, it is rather out of Sport than Revenge : but should some *sourer Mungrel* dare too near an Approach, he receives a *Salute* on the Chaps by an accidental Stroak from the Courser's Heels, (nor is any Ground lost by the Blow) which sends him yelping and limping home.



I NOW proceed to sum up the singular Adventures of my renown'd *Jack*; the State of whose Dispositions and Fortunes, the careful Reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the Conclusion of a former Section. Therefore his next Care must be from two of the foregoing to extract a Scheme of Notions, that may best fit his Understanding for a true Relish of what is to ensue.

*JACK* had not only calculated the first Revolution of his Brain so prudently as to give Rise to that Epidemick Sect of *Aelists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange Variety of Conceptions, the Fruitfulness of his Imagination led him into certain Notions, which, altho in Appearance very unaccountable, were not without their Mysteries and their Meanings, nor wanted Followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material Passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted Tradition, or indefatigable Reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as Notions of that Height and Latitude can be brought within the Compass of a Pen :

Pen: nor do I at all question but they will furnish Plenty of noble Matter for such, whose converting Imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into *Types*; who can make *Shadows*, no thanks to the Sun; and then mould them into Substances, no thanks to Philosophy: whose peculiar Talent lies in fixing Tropes and Allegories to the *Letter*, and refining what is literal into Figure and Mystery.

*JACK* had provided a fair Copy of his Father's *Will*, engross'd in form upon a large Skin of Parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful Son, he became the fondest Creature of it imaginable. For, altho, as I have often told the Reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy Directions about the management and wearing of their Coats, with Legacies and Penalties, in case of Obedience or Neglect; yet he began to entertain a Fancy, that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of Mystery at the bottom. *Gentlemen*, said he, *I will prove this very Skin of Parchment to be Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to be the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal Medicine.* In consequence of which Raptures, he resolv'd to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry Occasions

occasions of Life. He had a way of work-  
 ing it into any Shape he pleas'd; so that  
 it serv'd him for a Night-cap when he  
 went to bed, and for his Umbrello in rainy  
 Weather. He would lap a piece of it  
 about a sore Toe, or when he had Fits,  
 burn two Inches under his Nose; or if  
 any thing lay heavy on his Stomach,  
 scrape off, and swallow as much of the  
 Powder as would lie on a silver Penny;  
 they were all infallible Remedies. With  
 Analogy to these Refinements, his com-  
 mon Talk and Conversation ran wholly  
 in the Phrase of his Will, and he circum-  
 scrib'd the utmost of his Eloquence with-  
 in that Compass, not daring to let slip  
 a Syllable without Authority from thence.  
 Once, at a strange House, he was sud-  
 denly taken short, upon an urgent Junc-  
 ture, whereon it may not be allow'd too  
 particularly to dilate; and being not able  
 to call to mind, with that Suddenness  
 the Occasion requir'd, an authentick  
 Phrase for demanding the way to the  
 Backside; he chose rather as the more  
 prudent Course, to incur the Penalty in  
 such Cases usually annex'd. Neither was  
 it possible for the united Rhetorick of  
 Mankind to prevail with him to make  
 himself clean again: because having con-  
 sulted the Will upon his Emergency,  
 he met with a Passage near the Bottom  
 (whether

(whether foisted in by the Transcriber, is not known) which seem'd to forbid it.

HE made it a Part of his Religion, never to say Grace to his Meat, nor could all the World persuade him, as the common Phrase is, to eat his Victuals *like a Christian*.

HE bore a strange kind of Appetite to *Snap-Dragon*, and to the livid Snuffs of a burning Candle, which he would catch and swallow with an Agility, wonderful to conceive; and by this Procedure, maintain'd a perpetual Flame in his Belly, which issuing in a glowing Steam from both his Eyes, as well as his Nostrils, and his Mouth; made his Head appear in a dark Night, like the Scull of an Ass, wherein a roguish Boy hath convey'd a Farthing Candle, *to the Terror of his Majesty's Liege Subjects*. Therefore he made use of no other Expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, That a *Wise Man was his own Lanthorn*.

HE would shut his Eyes as he walk'd along the Streets, and if he happen'd to bounce his Head against a Post, or fall into the Kennel (as he seldom miss'd either to do one or both) he would tell the

gibing

giving Prentices, who look'd on, That he submitted with entire Resignation as to a Trip, or a Blow of Fate, with whom he found, by long Experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging Fall or a bloody Nose. It was ordain'd, said he, some few Days before the Creation that my Nose and this very Post should have a Rencontre; and therefore Providence thought fit to send us both into the World in the same Age, and to make us Country-men and Fellow-Citizens. Now, had mine Eyes been open, it is very likely the Business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded Slip is daily got by Man, with all his Foresight about him? Besides, the Eyes of the Understanding see best, when those of the Senses are out of the way; and therefore blind Men are observ'd to tread their Steps with much more Caution, and Conduct, and Judgment, than those who rely with too much Confidence upon the Virtue of the visual Nerve, which every little Accident shakes out of order, and a Drop, or a Film, can wholly disconcert; like a Lanthorn among a pack of roaring Bullies, when they scower the Streets, exposing its Owner, and it self, to outward Kicks and Buffets, which both might have escap'd, if the Vanity of Appearing would

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have



have suffer'd them to walk in the dark. But, further, if we examine the Conduct of these boasted Lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their Fortune: 'Tis true, I have broke my Nose against this Post, because Providence either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the Elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present Age or Posterity, to trust their Noses into the keeping of their Eyes, which may prove the fairest Way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye Eyes, Ye blind Guides! miserable Guardians are ye of our frail Noses; Ye, I say, who fasten upon the first Precepeice in view, and then tow our wretched willing Bodies after you, to the very Brink of Destruction: But, alas, that Brink is rotten, our Feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a Gulph, without one hospitable Shrub in the way to break the Fall; a Fall, to which not any Nose of mortal Make is equal, except that of the Giant \* Laurcalco, who was Lord of the Silver Bridg. Most properly, therefore, O Eyes, and with great Justice, may you be compar'd to those foolish Lights which conduct Men thro Dirt and Darknes, till they fall into a deep Pit, or a noisom Bog.

\* Vide Don  
Quixot.

THIS

THIS I have produc'd as a Scantling of *Jack's* great Eloquence, and the Force of his Reasoning upon such abstruse Matters.

HE was, besides, a Person of great Design and Improvement in Affairs of *Devotion*, having introduc'd a new Deity, who hath since met with a vast Number of Worshippers; by some call'd *Babel*, by others, *Chaos*; who had an antient Temple of *Gothick* Structure upon *Salisbury-Plain*; famous for its Shrine, and Celebration by Pilgrims.

WHEN he had some roguish Trick to play, he would down with his Knees, up with his Eyes, and fall to Prayers, tho in the midst of the Kennel. Then it was that those who understood his Pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way: and whenever Curiosity attracted Strangers to laugh, or to listen; he would of a sudden, with one Hand, out with his *Gear*, and pifs full in their Eyes, and with the other, all to-bespatter them with Mud.

IN Winter he went always loose and unbutton'd, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient Heat; and in Summer,

mer, lapt himself close and thick to keep it out.

I N all Revolutions of Government, he would make his Court for the Office of *Hangman-General*; and in the exercise of that Dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make use of no other *Vizard* than a *long Prayer*.

H E had a Tongue so musculous and subtle, that he could twist it up into his Nose, and deliver a strange kind of Speech from thence. He was also the first in these Kingdoms who began to improve the *Spanish Accomplishment of Braying*; and having large Ears, perpetually expos'd and arrected, he carry'd his Art to such a Perfection, that it was a Point of great difficulty to distinguish either by the View or the Sound, between the *Original* and the *Copy*.

H E was troubled with a Disease reverse to that call'd the Stinging of the *Tarantula*, and would run Dog-mad at the noise of *Musick*, especially a *Pair of Bag-Pipes*. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three Turns in *Westminster-hall*, or *Billingsgate*, or in a *Boarding-School*, or the *Royal-Exchange*, or a *State Coffee-House*.

H E was a Person that *fear'd* no *Colours*, but mortally *hated* all; and upon that Account bore a cruel Aversion to *Painters*; insomuch, that in his Paroxysms, as he walk'd the Streets, he would have his Pockets loaden with Stones, to pelt at the *Signs*.

HAVING from his manner of Living frequent occasions to *wash* himself, he would often leap over Head and Ears into the Water, tho it were in the midst of the Winter; but was always observ'd to come out again much *dirtier*, if possible, than he went in.

H E was the first that ever found out the Secret of contriving a *soporiferous* Medicine, to be convey'd in at the *Ears*; it was a Compound of *Sulphur* and *Balm of Gilead*, with a little *Pilgrim's Salve*.

H E wore a large Plaister of artificial *Causticks* on his Stomach, with the Fervour of which he could set himself a *groaning*, like the famous *Board* upon Application of a red-hot Iron.

H E would stand in the turning of a Street, and calling to those who pass'd by, would cry to one, *Worthy Sir, do me*  
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the

*the Honour of a good Slap in the Chaps. To another, Honest Friend, pray favour me with a handsom Kick on the Arse. Madam, shall I Intreat a small Box on the Ear from your Ladiskip's fair Hands? Noble Captain, lend a reasonable Thwack, for the Love of God, with that Cane of yours, over these poor Shoulders. And when he had, by such earnest Sollicitations, made a shift to procure a Basting sufficient to swell up his Fancy and his Sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible Accounts of what he had undergone for the Publick Good. Observe this Stroke (said he, shewing his bare Shoulders) a plaguy Janisary gave it me this very Morning at seven a Clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. Neighbours of mine, this broken Head deserves a Plaister; had poor Jack been tender of his Noddle, you would have seen the Pope, and the French King, long before this time of day, among your Wives and your Warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as White-Chappel, and you may thank these poor Sides that he hath not (God bless us) already swallow'd up Man, Woman and Child.*

IT was highly worth observing the singular Effects of that Aversion or Antipathy



pathy which *Jack* and his Brother *Peter* seem'd, even to an Affectation, to bear towards each other. *Peter* had lately done some *Rogueries*, that forc'd him to abscond; and he seldom ventur'd to stir out before night, for fear of Bailiffs. Their Lodgings were at the two most distant Parts of the Town from each other; and whenever their Occasions or Humours call'd them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely Times, and most uncouth Rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet after all this, it was their perpetual Fortune to meet. The Reason of which is easy enough to apprehend: for, the Phrenzy and the Spleen of both, having the same Foundation, we may look upon them as two Pair of Compasses equally extended, and the fix'd Foot of each remaining in the same Center; which, tho moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the Circumference. Besides, it was among the great Misfortunes of *Jack*, to bear a huge personal Resemblance with his Brother *Peter*. Their Humour and Dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close Analogy in their Shape, their Size, and their Mien. In-  
somuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a Bailiff to seize *Jack* by the

Shoulders, and cry, *Mr. Peter, You are the King's Prisoner*: or, at other Times, for one of *Peter's* nearest Friends to accost *Jack* with open Arms, *Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee, pray send me one of your best Medicines for the Worms.* This we may suppose was a mortifying Return of those Pains and Proceedings *Jack* had labour'd in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his Endeavours had answer'd to the sole End and Intention which he had propos'd to himself; How could it avoid having terrible Effects upon a Head and Heart so furnish'd as his? However, the poor Remainders of his Coat bore all the Punishment; the orient Sun never enter'd upon his diurnal Progress, without missing a Piece of it. He hir'd a Taylor to stitch up the Collar so close, that it was ready to choak him, and squeez'd out his Eyes at such a rate, as one cou'd see nothing but the White. What little was left of the main Substance of the Coat, he rub'd every day for two Hours against a rough-cast Wall, in order to grind away the Remnants of *Lace* and *Embroidery*; but at the same time went on with so much Violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen Philosopher*. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the Success continu'd still to disappoint his Expectation. For, as it

is

is the Nature of Rags, to bear a kind of mock Resemblance to Finery; there being a sort of fluttering Appearance in both, which is not to be distinguish'd at a Distance, in the Dark, or by short-sighted Eyes: So, in those Junctures, it far'd with *Jack* and his Tatters, that they offer'd to the first View, a ridiculous Flantring, which assisting the Resemblance in Person and Air, thwarted all his Projects of Separation, and left so near a Similitude between them, as frequently deceiv'd the very Disciples and Followers of both.

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*Desunt not-  
nulla.*

THE old *Sclavonian* Proverb said well, That *it is with Men as with Asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good Hold at their Ears.* Yet, I think, we may affirm, and it hath been verisfy'd by repeated Experience, that,

*Effugiet tamen hac sceleratus vincula  
Proteus.*

IT is good therefore to read the Maxims of our Ancestors with great Allow-

ances to Times and Persons: For, if we look into Primitive Records, we shall find, that no Revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human *Ears*. In former Days there was a curious Invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *Artes perditæ*: and how can it be otherwise, when in these latter Centuries, the very Species is not only diminish'd to a very lamentable Degree, but the poor Remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest *Tenure*? For if the only flitting of one *Ear* in a Stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the Defect thro a whole Forest; why should we wonder at the greatest Consequences, from so many Loppings and Mutilations, to which the *Ears* of our Fathers and our own have been of late so much expos'd? 'Tis true, indeed, that while this *Island* of ours was under the *Dominion of Grace*, many Endeavours were made to improve the Growth of *Ears* once more among us. The Proportion of Largeness was not only look'd upon as an Ornament of the *Outward Man*, but as a Type of Grace in the *Inward*. Besides, it is held by Naturalists, that if there be a Protuberancy of Parts in the *Superiour Region* of the Body, as in the *Ears* and *Nose*, there must be

be a Parity also in the *Inferiour* : And therefore in that truly pious Age, the *Males* in every Assembly, according as they were gifted, appear'd very forward in exposing their *Ears* to view, and the Regions about them; because

\* *Hippocrates* tells us, that *when the Vein behind the Ear*

\* *Lib. de aere locis & aquis.*

*happens to be cut, a Man becomes a Eunuch* : And the *Females* were nothing backward in beholding and edifying by them; whereof those who had already us'd the *Means*, look'd about them with great Concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable Offspring by such a Prospect; others, who stood Candidates for *Benevolence*, found there a plentiful Choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discover'd the largest *Ears*, that the Breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devout Sisters, who look'd upon all extraordinary Dilatations of that Member, as Protrusions of Zeal, or spiritual Excrescencies, were sure to honour every Head they sat upon, as if they had been *cloven Tongues* ; but, especially, that of the Preacher, whose *Ears* were usually of the prime Magnitude; which upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all Advantages to the People : in his Rhetorical *Paroxisms*, turning sometimes to *hold forth* the one, and  
some



sometimes to *hold forth* the other: From which Custom, the whole Operation of Preaching is to this very day, among their Professors, stil'd by the Phrase of *Holding forth*.

SUCH was the Progress of the *Saints* for advancing the Size of that Member; and it is thought, the Success would have been every way answerable, if in process of Time, a cruel King had not arose, who rais'd a bloody Persecution against all *Ears* above a certain Standard: Upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing Sprouts in a black Border, others crept wholly under a Peruke: some were slit, others crop'd, and a great Number slic'd off to the Stumps. But of this more hereafter, in my *general History of Ears*; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the Publick.

FROM this brief Survey of the falling State of *Ears*, in the last Age, and the small Care had to advance their antient Growth in the present, it is manifest how little Reason we can have to rely upon a Hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that, whoever desires to catch Mankind fast, must have recourse to some other Methods. Now he that will examine human Nature with Circum-

Inspection

spection enough, may discover several  
*Handles*, whereof the \* *Six* \* *Including*  
 Senses afford one a-piece, be- *Scaliger's.*  
 side a great Number that are  
 screw'd to the Passions, and some few ri-  
 veted to the Intellect. Among these last,  
*Curiosity* is one, and, of all others, affords  
 the firmest Grasp: *Curiosity*, that Spur in  
 the Side, that Bridle in the Mouth, that  
 Ring in the Nose of a lazy, an impa-  
 tient, and a grunting Reader. By this  
*Handle* it is, that an Author should seize  
 upon his Readers; which as soon as he  
 hath once compass'd, all Resistance and  
 Struggling are in vain, and they become  
 his Prisoners as close as he pleases, till  
 Weariness or Dulness force him to let go  
 his Gripe.

AND therefore, I the Author of this  
 miraculous Treatise, having hitherto, be-  
 yond Expectation, maintain'd by the a-  
 foresaid *Handle*, a firm Hold upon my  
 gentle Readers; it is with great Reluc-  
 tance that I am at length compel'd to  
 remit my Grasp, leaving them in the Per-  
 usal of what remains to that natural *Of-*  
*ficancy* inherent in the Tribe. I can only  
 assure thee, courteous Reader, for both  
 our Comforts, that my Concern is altoge-  
 ther equal to thine, for my Unhappiness  
 in losing, or mislaying among my Papers  
 the

the remaining Part of these Memoirs; which consisted of Accidents, Turns, and Adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprizing; and therefore, calculated in all due Points, to the delicate Taste of this our noble Age. But, alas, with my utmost Endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the Heads. Under which there was a full Account how *Peter* got a *Protection* out of the *King's Bench*, and of a Reconcilement between *Jack* and Him, upon a Design they had in a certain *rainy Night*, to trepan Brother *Martin* into a *Spunging house*, and there strip him to the Skin. How *Martin*, with much ado, shew'd them both a fair Pair of Heels. How a new *Warrant* came out against *Peter*: upon which how *Jack* left him in the lurch, *stole his Protection*, and made use of it himself. How *Jack's Tatters* came into Fashion in *Court* and *City*; how he got upon a great *Horse*, and eat *Custard*. But the Particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my Memory, are lost beyond all Hopes of Recovery. For which Misfortune leaving my Readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several Constitutions; but conjuring them by all the Friendship that hath pass'd between us from the Title-Page to this, not to pro-

see

ceed so far as to injure their Healths for an Accident past Remedy: I now go on to the Ceremonial Part of an accomplish'd Writer; and therefore, by a courtly *Modern*, least of all others to be omitted.

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## The CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a Cause of Abortion as effectual, tho not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the *Labours* of the Brain. Well fare the Heart of that noble  
 \* *Jesuit* who first adventur'd  
 to confess in Print, that Books  
 must be suited to their several Seasons, like Dress, and Diet, and Diversions: and better fare our noble Nation for refining upon this among other *French* Modes. I am living fast to see the time when a Book that misses its Tide, shall be neglected, as the *Moon* by Day, or like *Mackarel* a Week after the Season. No Man hath more nicely observ'd our Climate than the Bookseller who bought the Copy of this Work; he knows to a tittle what Subjects will best go off in a dry Year, and which it is proper to ex-  
 pose

\* *Pere d'Orleans.*

pose foremost, when the Weather-glass is fallen to *much Rain*. When he had seen this Treatise, and consulted his *Almanack* upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly consider'd the two principal things, which were the *Bulk*, and the *Subject*; and found it would never *take*, but after a long Vacation, and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard Year for Turnips. Upon which I desir'd to know, considering my urgent *Necessities*, what he thought might be acceptable this Month: he look'd *Westward*, and said, *I doubt we shall have a Fit of bad Weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little Banter (but not in Verse) or a small Treatise upon the — it would run like Wild Fire. But, if it hold up, I have already hir'd an Author to write something against Dr. B---tl---y, which, I am sure, will turn to account.*

A T length we agreed upon this Expedient, That when a Customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the Author; he will tell him very privately, as a Friend, naming which ever of the Wits shall happen to be that Week in the Vogue: and if *Durfey's* last Play should be in Course, I had as live he may be the Person as *Congreve*. This I mention because I am

WOT.



wonderfully well acquainted with the present Relish of our Courteous Readers; and have often observ'd, with singular Pleasure, that a *Fly* driven from a *Hony-pot*, will immediately with very good Appetite alight, and finish his Meal on an *Excrement*.

I HAVE one Word to say upon the Subject of *Profound Writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious World is resolved to list me in that Number. I conceive therefore, as to the Business of being *Profound*, that it is with *Writers* as with *Wells*; a Person with good Eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any *Water* be there: and that often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom besides *Dryness* and *Dirt*, tho it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiser a Reason than because it is wondrous *dark*.

I AM now trying an Experiment very frequent among Modern Authors; which is to *write upon nothing*; when the Subject is utterly exhausted, to let the Pen still move on; by some call'd the Ghost of Wit, delighting to walk after the  
Death.

Death of its Body. And to say the Truth, there seems to be no Part of Knowledge in fewer Hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*. By the time that an Author has writ out a Book, he and his Readers are become old Acquaintance, and grow very loth to part: so that I have sometimes known it to be in Writing, as in Visiting, where the Ceremony of taking leave has employ'd more time than the whole Conversation before. The Conclusion of a Treatise resembles the Conclusion of human Life, which hath sometimes been compar'd to the End of a Feast, where few are satisfy'd to depart, *ut plenus vite conviva*: for Men will sit down after the fullest Meal, tho' it be only to *doze*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the Day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other Writers; and shall be too proud, if by all my Labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *Repose* of Mankind, in Times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an Employment so very alien from the Office of a *Wit*, as some would suppose. For among a very Polite Nation in \* *Greece*, there were the same Temples built and consecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muses*, between which two Deities, the belief

\* *Trezenii*,  
*Pausan.* l. 2.

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believ'd the strictest Friendship was establish'd.

I HAVE one concluding Favour to request of my Reader, that he will not expect to be equally diverted and inform'd by every Line, or every Page of this Discourse; but give some allowance to the Author's Spleen, and short fits or Intervals of Dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his Conscience, whether, if he were walking the Streets in dirty Weather, or a rainy Day, he would allow it fair Dealing in Folks at their Ease from a Window to critick his Gate, and ridicule his Dress at such a Juncture.

IN my Disposure of Employments of the Brain, I have thought fit to make *Invention* the *Master*, and to give *Method* and *Reason* the Office of its *Lacqueys*. The Cause of this Distribution was, from observing it my peculiar Case, to be often under a Temptation of being *Witty* upon occasion, where I could be neither *Wise* nor *Sound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And, I am too much a Servant of the *Modern* Way, to neglect any such Opportunities, whatever Pains or Improprieties I may be at  
to

to introduce them. For I have observ'd that from a laborious Collection of Seven Hundred Thirty Eight *Flowers*, and *Shining Hints* of the best *Modern Authors*, digested with great Reading, into my Book of *Common Places*; I have not been able after five Years to draw, hook, or force into common Conversation any more than a Dozen. Of which Dozen the one Moiety fail'd of Success, by being drop'd among unfutable Company; and the other cost me so many Strains, and Traps, and *Ambages* to introduce, that I, at length, resolv'd to give it over. Now, this Disappointment, (to discover a Secret) I must own, gave me the first Hint of setting up for an *Author*; and, I have since found among some particular Friends, that it is become a very general Complaint, and has produc'd the same Effects upon many others. For I have remark'd many a *towardly Word* to be wholly neglected or despis'd in *Discourse*, which hath pass'd very smoothly, with some Consideration and Esteem, after its Preferment and Sanction in *Print*. But, now, since by the Liberty and Encouragement of the Press, I am grown absolute Master of the Occasions and Opportunities to expose the Talents I have acquir'd; I already discover, that the *Issues*

of my *Observanda* begin to grow too large  
for the *Receipts*. Therefore, I shall here  
pause a while, till I find, by feeling the  
World's Pulse, and my own, that it will  
be of absolute Necessity for us both to  
resume my Pen.

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*F I N I S.*



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A  
Full and True Account  
OF THE  
BATTLE

Fought last *FRIDAY*,

Between the

*Antient* and the *Modern*

BOOKS

IN

*St. James's* LIBRARY.

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T H E  
B O O K S E L L E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**T**HE following Discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same Author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the Year 1697. when the famous Dispute was on foot about *Antient and Modern Learning*. The Controversy took its Rise from an Essay of Sir William Temple's upon that Subject; which was answer'd by *W. Wotton* B. D. with an Appendix by Dr. *Bentley*, endeavouring to destroy the Credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris* for Authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the Essay before-mention'd, highly commended. In that Appendix the Doctor falls hard upon a new Edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the Honourable *Charles Boyle* (now Earl of Orrery)

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ry) to which Mr. *Boyle* reply'd at large, with great Learning and Wit; and the Doctor, voluminously, rejoin'd. In this Dispute the Town highly resented to see a Person of Sir *William Temple's* Character and Merits roughly us'd by the two Reverend Gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of Provocation. At length, there appearing no End of the Quarrel, our Author tells us, that the BOOKS in *St. James's Library*, looking upon themselves as Parties principally concern'd, took up the Controversy, and came to a decisive Battle; but, the Manuscript, by the Injury of Fortune, or Weather, being in several Places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the Victory fell.

I MUST warn the Reader to beware of applying to Persons what is here meant only of Books in the most literal Sense. So, when *Virgil* is mention'd, we are not to understand the Person of a famous Poet, call'd by that Name, but only certain Sheets of Paper, bound up in Leather, containing in Print the Works of the said Poet; and so of the rest.

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THE  
P R E F A C E  
OF THE  
AUTHOR.

**S**ATYR is a sort of Glass, wherein Beholders do generally discover every body's Face but their own; which is the chief Reason for that kind of Reception it meets in the World, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should happen otherwise, the Danger is not great; and I have learned from long Experience never to apprehend Mischief from those Understandings I have been able to provoke; for, Anger and Fury, tho they add Strength to the Sinews of the Body, yet are found to relax those of the Mind, and to render all its Efforts feeble and impotent.

*THERE is a Brain that will endure but one Scumming: Let the Owner gather it with Discretion, and manage his little Stock with Husbandry; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the Lash of his Betters; because that will make it all bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply: Wit, without Knowledg, being a sort of Cream, which gathers in a Night to the Top, and by a skilful Hand, may be soon whip'd into Froth; but once scum'd away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the Hogs.*

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A Full and True  
**ACCOUNT**  
OF THE  
**BATTEL**

Fought last **FRIDAY**, &c.

**W**HOEVER examines with  
due Circumspection into the  
\* *Annual Re-*  
*cords of Time*  
will find it remark'd, that  
*War is the Child of Pride,*  
and *Pride the Daughter*  
*of Riches*; the former of  
which Assertions may be soon granted;  
but one cannot so easily subscribe to the  
latter: for *Pride* is nearly related to Beg-  
gary and *Want*, either by Father or Mo-  
ther,

\* *Riches produ-*  
*ceth Pride; Pride*  
*is War's Ground,*  
8c. Vid. *Ephem.*  
*de Mary Clarke;*  
opt. Edit.

ther, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among Men to fall out when all have enough: Invasions usually travelling from *North* to *South*, that is to say, from Poverty upon Plenty. The most antient and natural Grounds of Quarrels, are *Lust* and *Avarice*; which, tho we may allow to be Brethren or collateral Branches of *Pride*, are certainly the Issues of *Want*. For, to speak in the Phrase of Writers upon the Politicks, we may observe in the Republick of *Dogs*, ( which in its Original seems to be an Institution of the *Many* ) that the whole State is ever in the profoundest Peace after a full Meal; and, that Civil Broils arise among them, when it happens for one great *Bone* to be seiz'd on by some *leading Dog*, who either divides it among the *Few*, and then it falls to an *Oligarchy*, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a *Tyranny*. The same Reasoning also holds place among them, in those Dissensions we behold upon a Turgescency in any of their Females. For, the Right of Possession lying in common ( it being impossible to establish a Property in so delicate a Case ) Jealousies and Suspicions do so abound, that the whole Commonwealth of that Street is reduc'd to a manifest *State of War*, of every Citizen against

gainst every *Citizen*; till some one of more Courage, Conduct, or Fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the Prize: upon which naturally arises Plenty of Heart-burning, and Envy, and Snarling against the *happy Dog*. Again, if we look upon any of these Republicks engag'd in a foreign War, either of Invasion or Defence, we shall find the same Reasoning will serve as to the Grounds and Occasions of each; and, that *Poverty*, or *Want*, in some degree or other, (whether Real, or in Opinion, which makes no Alteration in the Case) has a great Share, as well as *Pride*, on the part of the Aggressor.

NOW, whoever will please to take this Scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an Intellectual State, or Commonwealth of Learning, will soon discover the first Ground of Disagreement between the two great Parties at this time in Arms; and may form just Conclusions upon the Merits of either Cause. But the Issue or Events of this War are not so easy to conjecture at: for the present Quarrel is so inflam'd by the warm Heads of either Faction, and the Pretensions *somewhere or other* so exorbitant, as not to admit the least Overtures of Accommodation. This Quarrel first began (as



I have heard it affirm'd by an old Dweller in the Neighbourhood) about a small Spot of Ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two Tops of the Hill *Parnassus* ; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of Mind, in quiet Possession of certain Tenants, call'd the *Antients* ; and the other was held by the *Moderns*. But these disliking their present Station, sent certain Ambassadors to the *Antients*, complaining of a great Nuisance, how the Height of that Part of *Parnassus*, quite spoil'd the Prospect of theirs, especially towards the *East* : and therefore, to avoid a War, offer'd them the Choice of this Alternative ; either that the *Antients* would please to remove themselves and their Effects down to the lower Summit, which the *Moderns* would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their Place : or else, that the said *Antients* will give leave to the *Moderns* to come with Shovels and Mattocks, and level the said Hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the *Antients* made answer ; How little they expected such a Message as this from a Colony, whom they had admitted out of their own free Grace, to so near a Neighbourhood. That, as to their own Seat, they were *Aborigines* of it, and therefore, to talk with them of a Removal

or

or Surrender, was a Language they did not understand. That, if the Height of the Hill, on their side, shorten'd the Prospect of the *Moderns*, it was a Disadvantage they could not help, but desir'd them to consider, whether that Injury (if it be any) were not largely recompens'd by the *Shade* and *Shelter* it afforded them. That, as to levelling or digging down, it was either Folly or Ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that Side of the Hill was an entire Rock, which would break their Tools and Hearts, without any Damage to it self. That they would therefore advise the *Moderns*, rather to raise their own Side of the Hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Antients*; to the former of which, they would not only give License, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much Indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two Expedients; and so this Difference broke out into a long and obstinate War, maintain'd on the one part by Resolution, and by the Courage of certain Leaders and Allies; but, on the other, by the Greatness of their Number, upon all Defeats affording continual Recruits. In this Quarrel, whole Rivulets of *Ink* have been exhausted, and the Virulence of both Parties enormously augmented.

mēted. Now, it must here be understood, that *Ink* is the great missile Weapon, in all Battels of the *Learned*, which, convey'd thro a sort of Engine call'd a *Quill*, infinite Numbers of these are darted at the Enemy, by the Valiant on each Side, with equal Skill and Violence, as if it were an Engagement of *Porcupines*. This malignant Liquor was compounded by the Engineer, who invented it, of two Ingredients, which are *Gall* and *Copperas*; by its Bitterness and Venom, to *suit* in some degree, as well as to *foment* the Genius of the Combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an Engagement, when they could not agree about the Victory, were wont to set up Trophies on both Sides, the beaten Party being content to be at the same Expence, to keep it self in countenance (a laudable and antient Custom, happily reviv'd of late, in the Art of War;) so the *Learned*, after a sharp and bloody Dispute, do on both Sides hang out their Trophies too, which-ever comes by the worst. These Trophies have largely inscrib'd on them the Merits of the Cause; a full impartial Account of such a Battel, and how the Victory fell clearly to the Party that set them up. They are known to the World under several Names; as, *Disputes*, *Arguments*, *Rejoinders*, *Brief*  
 Con-

*Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflections, Objections, Confutations.* For a very few days they are fix'd up in all publick Places, either by themselves or their \* Representatives, for \* Their Title-Pages. Passengers to gaze at: From whence the chiefest and largest are remov'd to certain Magazines, they call *Libraries*, there to remain in a Quarter purposely assign'd them, and from thenceforth begin to be call'd *Books of Controversy*.

IN these Books is wonderfully insil'd and preserv'd the Spirit of each Warrior, while he is alive; and after his Death, his Soul transmigrates there to inform them. This, at least, is the more common Opinion; but, I believe, it is with Libraries, as with other Cemeteries, where some Philosophers affirm, that a certain Spirit, which they call *Brutum hominis*, hovers over the Monument, till the Body is corrupted, and turns to *Dust*, or to *Worms*; but then vanishes or dissolves: So, we may say, a restless Spirit haunts over every *Book*, till *Dust* or *Worms* have seiz'd upon it; which, to some, may happen in a few days, but to others, later: and therefore, *Books* of Controversy, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly Spirits, have always

ways been confin'd in a separate Lodg from the rest ; and for fear of mutual Violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our Ancestors to bind them to the Peace with strong Iron Chains. Of which Invention the original Occasion was this: When the Works of *Scotus* first came out, they were carried to a certain great Library, and had Lodgings appointed them ; but this Author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his Master *Aristotle*, and there both concerted together to seize *Plato* by main Force, and turn him out from his antient Station among the *Divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near Eight Hundred Years. The Attempt succeeded, and the two Usurpers have reign'd ever since in his stead : But to maintain Quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *Polemicks* of the larger Size should be held fast with a Chain.

BY this Expedient the publick Peace of Libraries might certainly have been preserv'd, if a new Species of controversial Books had not arose of late Years, instinct with a most malignant Spirit, from the War above-mention'd, between the *Learned*, about the higher Summit of *Parnassus*.

WHEN



WHEN these Books were first admitted into the publick Libraries, I remember to have said upon occasion, to several Persons concern'd, how I was sure they would create Broils wherever they came, unless a World of Care were taken; and therefore I advis'd, that the Champions of each Side should be coupled together, or otherwise mix'd, that like the blending of contrary Poisons, their Malignity might be employ'd among themselves. And it seems, I was neither an ill Prophet, nor an ill Counsellor; for it was nothing else but the Neglect of this Caution which gave occasion to the terrible Fight that happen'd on *Friday* last between the *Antient* and *Modern Books* in the *King's Library*. Now because the Talk of this Battel is so fresh in every body's Mouth, and the Expectation of the Town so great to be inform'd in the Particulars; I, being possess'd of all Qualifications requisite in an *Historian*, and retain'd by neither Party, have resolv'd to comply with the urgent *Importunity* of my *Friends*, by writing down a full impartial Account thereof.

THE *Guardian* of the *Regal Library*, a Person of great Valour, but chiefly renown'd for his *Humanity*, had been a  
fierce

fierce Champion for the *Moderns*, and in  
 an Engagement upon *Parnassus*, had vow'd  
 with his own hands, to knock down two  
 of the *antient* Chiefs, who guarded a  
 small Pass on the superior Rock ; but en-  
 deavouring to climb up, was cruelly ob-  
 structed by his own unhappy Weight  
 and Tendency towards his Center; a  
 Quality to which those of the *Modern*  
*Party* are extreme subject: For being  
 light-headed, they have in Speculation a  
 wonderful Agility, and conceive nothing  
 too high for them to mount ; but in redu-  
 cing the Practice, discover a mighty Pres-  
 sure about their Posteriors and their  
 Heels. Having thus fail'd in his Design,  
 the disappointed Champion bore a cruel  
 Rancour to the *Antients*, which he re-  
 solv'd to gratify, by shewing all Marks of  
 his Favour to the *Book* of their Adver-  
 saries, and lodging them in the fairest Ap-  
 partments; when at the same time, what-  
 ever *Book* had the boldness to own it self  
 for an Advocate of the *Antients*, was bu-  
 ry'd alive in some obscure Corner, and  
 threaten'd, upon the least Displeasure, to  
 be turn'd out of doors. Besides it so  
 happen'd, that about this time there was  
 a strange Confusion of Place among all  
 the *Books* in the Library, for which sever-  
 al Reasons were assign'd. Some imputed  
 it to a great Heap of *learned Dust*, which

a perverse Wind blew off from a Shelf of *Moderns* into the *Keeper's* Eyes. Others affirm'd, he had a Humour to pick the *Worms* out of the *Schoolmen*, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his *Spleen*, and some climb'd up into his Head, to the great Perturbation of both. And lastly others maintain'd, that by walking much in the dark about the Library, he had quite lost the Situation of it out of his Head; and therefore, in replacing his *Books*, he was apt to mistake, and clap *Des Cartes* next to *Aristotle*. Poor *Plato* had got between *Hobs* and the *Seven Wise Masters*, and *Virgil* was hem'd in with *Dryden* on one side, and *Withers* on the other.

MEAN while those *Books* that were Advocates for the *Moderns*, chose out one from among them to make a Progress thro the whole Library, examine the Number and Strength of their Party, and concert their Affairs. This Messenger perform'd all things very industriously, and brought back with him a List of their Forces, in all Fifty Thousand, consisting chiefly of *Light-Horse*, *heavy-arm'd Foot* and *Mercenaries*; whereof the *Foot* were in general but sorrily arm'd, and worse clad; their *Horses* large, but extremely out of Case and Heart: However some  
few,

few, by trading among the *Antients*, had furnish'd themselves tolerably enough.

WHILE Things were in this Ferment, *Discord* grew extremely high, hot words pass'd on both sides, and ill Blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary *Antient*, squeez'd up among a whole Shelf of *Moderns*, offer'd fairly to dispute the Case, and to prove, by manifest Reasons, that the Priority was due to them from long Possession, and in regard of their Prudence, Antiquity, and above all, their great Merits towards the *Moderns*. But these deny'd the Premises, and seem'd very much to wonder how the *Antients* could pretend to insist upon their Antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the *Moderns* were

\* According to the Modern Paradox.

much the more \* *antient* of the two. As for any Obligations they ow'd to the *Antients*, they renounc'd them all. 'Tis true, said they, we are inform'd some few of our Party have been so mean to borrow their Subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater Number (and especially we French and English) were so far from stooping to so base an Example, that there never pass'd, till this very Hour, six words between us: For our Horses are of our own breeding, our Arms of our own forging,

and

and our Clothes of our own cutting out and sowing. Plato was by chance upon the next Shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight, mention'd a while ago, their *Jades* lean and foun-  
dred, their *Weapons* of rotten Wood, their *Armour* rusty, and nothing but Rags underneath; he laugh'd aloud, and in his pleasant way, swore, *By G—, he believ'd them.*

NOW the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late Negotiation, with Secrecy enough to escape the notice of the Enemy: For those Advocates, who had begun the Quarrel, by settitg first on foot the Dispute of Precedency, talk'd so loud of coming to a Battle, that *Temple* hap-  
pen'd to overhear them, and gave immediate Intelligence to the *Antients*; who thereupon drew up their scatter'd Troops together, resolving to act upon the de-  
fensive; upon which several of the *Mo-  
derns* fled over to their Party, and among the rest *Temple* himself. This *Temple* hav-  
ing been educated and long convers'd a-  
mong the *Antients*, was, of all the *Mo-  
derns*, their greatest Favourite, and be-  
came their greatest Champion.

THINGS were at this Crisis, when a material Accident fell out: For upon  
the



the highest Corner of a large Window, there dwelt a certain *Spider*, swollen up to the first Magnitude, by the Destruction of infinite numbers of *Flies*, whose Spoils lay scatter'd before the Gates of his Palace, like human Bones before the Cave of some Giant. The Avenues to his Castle were guarded with Turnpikes and Pallisadoes, all after the modern way of Fortification. After you had pass'd several Courts, you came to the Center, wherein you might behold the *Constable* himself in his own Lodgings, which had Windows fronting to each Avenue, and Ports to sally out upon all occasions of Prey or Defence. In this Mansion he had for some time dwelt in Peace and Plenty, without danger to his *Person* by *Swallows* from above, or to his *Palace* by *Brooms* from below. When it was the Pleasure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandring *Bee*, to whose Curiosity a broken Pane in the Glass had discover'd it self, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happen'd to light upon one of the outward Walls of the *Spider's* Citadel; which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very Foundation. Thrice he endeavour'd to force his Passage, and thrice the Center shook. The *Spider* within, feeling the terrible Convulsion, suppos'd at first that *Nature* was approaching

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approaching to her final Dissolution, or  
 else that *Beelzebub*, with all his Legions,  
 was come to revenge the Death of many  
 thousands of his Subjects, whom this Ene-  
 my had slain and devour'd: However he  
 at length valiantly resolv'd to issue forth,  
 and meet his Fate. Mean while the *Bee*  
 had acquitted himself of his Toils, and  
 posted securely at some distance, was im-  
 ploy'd in cleansing his Wings, and disen-  
 gaging them from the ragged Remnants  
 of the Cobweb. By this time the *Spider*  
 was adventur'd out, when beholding the  
 Chasms, and Ruins, and Dilapidations of  
 his Fortrefs, he was very near at his Wits  
 end, he storm'd and swore like a Madman,  
 and swell'd till he was ready to burst. At  
 length casting his Eye upon the *Bee*, and  
 wisely gathering Causes from Events (for  
 they knew each other by sight) *A Plague*  
*split you*, said he, *for a giddy Son of a*  
*Whore: Is it you with a Vengeance, that*  
*have made this Litter here? Could you not*  
*look before you, and be d—n'd? Do you*  
*think I have nothing else to do (in the De-*  
*vil's Name) but to mend and repair after*  
*your Arse? Good Words, Friend*, said  
 the *Bee* (having now prun'd himself, and  
 being dispos'd to drole) *I'll give you my*  
*Hand and Word to come near your Ken-*  
*nel no more; I was never in such a con-*  
*founded Pickle since I was born.* *Sirrah,*  
 reply'd.

repl'y'd the Spider, if it were not for breaking an old Custom in our Family, never to stir abroad against an Enemy, I should come and teach you better Manners. I pray have Patience, said the Bee, or you will spend your Substance, and for ought I see you may stand in need of it all towards the Repair of your House. Rogue, Rogue, repl'y'd the Spider, yet methinks you should have more Respect to a Person, whom all the World allows to be so much your Betters. By my Troth, said the Bee, the Comparison will amount to a very good Jest, and you will do me a Favour, to let me know the Reasons, that all the World is pleas'd to use in so hopeful a Dispute. At this the Spider having swell'd himself into the Size and Posture of a Disputant, began his Argument in the true Spirit of Controversy, with a Resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own Reasons, without the least regard to the Answers or Objections of his Opposite, and fully predetermin'd in his Mind against all Conviction.

NOT to disparage my self, said he, by the Comparison with such a Rascal; What art thou but a Vagabond without House or Home, without Stock or Inheritance? Born to no Possession of your own, but a Pair of Wings, and a Drone-Pipe. Your Liveli-

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Wood is an universal Plunder upon Nature;  
 a Freebooter over Fields and Gardens; and  
 for the sake of Stealing, will rob a Nettle  
 as readily as a Violet. Whereas I am a  
 Domestick Animal, furnish'd with a na-  
 tive Stock within my self. This large Cas-  
 tle ( to shew my Improvements in the Ma-  
 thematicks ) is all built with my own Hands,  
 and the Materials extracted altogether out  
 of my own Person.

I AM glad, answer'd the Bee, to hear  
 you grant at least that I am come honestly  
 by my Wings and my Voice; for then, it  
 seems, I am oblig'd to Heaven alone for  
 my Flights and my Musick; and Providence  
 would never have bestow'd me two such  
 Gifts, without designing them for the no-  
 blest Ends. I visit, indeed, all the Flowers  
 and Blossoms of the Field and the Garden;  
 but whatever I collect from thence enriches  
 my self, without the least Injury to their  
 Beauty, their Smell, or their Taste. Now  
 for you and your Skill in Architecture,  
 and other Mathematicks, I have little to  
 say: In that Building of yours, there  
 might, for ought I know, have been Labour  
 and Method enough; but by woful Expe-  
 rience for us both, 'tis too plain, the Ma-  
 terials are naught, and I hope you will  
 henceforth take Warning, and consider Du-  
 ration and Matter, as well as Method and  
 Art.

*Art.* You boast, indeed, of being oblig'd to no other Creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from your self; that is to say, if we may judg of the Liquor in the Vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful Store of Dirt and Poison in your Breast: And tho I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine Stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat oblig'd for an Increase of both, to a little foreign Assistance. Your inherent Portion of Dirt does not fail of Acquisitions, by Sweepings exhal'd from below; and one Insect furnishes you with a share of Poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the Question comes all to this; Whether is the nobler Being of the two, that with by a lazy Contemplation of four Inches round, by an over-weening Pride, which feeding and engendring on it self, turns all into Excrement and Venom, producing nothing at all but Fly-bane and a Cobweb; or that which by an universal Range, with long Search, much Study, true Judgment and Distinction of Things, brings home Honey and Wax?

THIS Dispute was manag'd with such Eagerness, Clamour and Warmth, that the two Parties of Books in Arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspence what would be the Issue, which was not long undetermin'd: For the Bee grown impatient



impatient at so much Loss of Time, fled  
 strait away to a Bed of Roses without  
 looking for a Reply ; and left the *Spider*  
 like an Orator, collected in himself, and  
 just prepar'd to burst out.

IT happen'd upon this Emergency,  
 that *Afop* broke silence first. He had  
 been of late most barbarously treated by  
 a strange Effect of the *Regent's* Huma-  
 nity, who had tore off his Title-Page,  
 sorely defac'd one half his Leaves, and  
 chain'd him fast among a Shelf of *Mo-*  
*derns*. Where soon discovering how high  
 the Quarrel was like to proceed, he try'd  
 all his Arts, and turn'd himself into a  
 thousand Forms: at length in the bor-  
 row'd Shape of an *Ass*, the *Regent* mis-  
 took him for a *Modern* ; by which means  
 he had Time and Opportunity to escape  
 to the *Antients*, just when the *Spider* and  
 the *Bee* were entring into their Contest ;  
 to which he gave his Attention with a  
 world of Pleasure ; and when it was en-  
 ded, swore in the loudest Key, that in all  
 his Life he had never known two Cases  
 so parallel and adapt to each other, as  
 that in the Window, and this upon the  
 Shelves. The *Disputants*, said he, have  
 admirably manag'd the Dispute between  
 them, have taken in the full Strength of  
 all that is to be said on both Sides, and  
 exhausted

exhausted the Substance of every Argument pro and con. It is but to adjust the Reasonings of both to the present Quarrel, then to compare and apply the Labours and Fruits of each, as the Bee has learnedly deduc'd them; and we shall find the Conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and Us. For, pray Gentlemen, was ever any thing so modern as the Spider in his Air, his Turns, and his Paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of You his Brethren, and himself, with many Boastings of his native Stock, and great Genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any Obligation or Assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great Skill in Architecture, and Improvement in the Mathematicks. To all this the Bee, as an Advocate, retain'd by us the Antients, thinks fit to answer; That if one may judg of the great Genius or Inventions of the Moderns, by what they have produc'd, you will hardly have Countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your Schemes with as much Method and Skill as you please; yet, if the Materials be nothing but Dirt, spun out of your own Entrails (the Guts of Modern Brains) the Edifice will conclude at last in a Cobweb: The Duration of which, like that of other Spiders Webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a Corner.

For

For any thing else of Genuine, that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large Vein of Wrangling and Satyr, much of a Nature and Substance with the Spider's Poison; which, however, they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improv'd by the same Arts, by feeding upon the Insects and Vermin of the Age. As for Us, the Antients, We are content with the Bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our Wings and our Voice: that is to say, our Flights and our Language; for the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite Labour, and Search, and Ranging thro every Corner of Nature. The Difference is, that instead of Dirt and Poison, we have rather chose to fill our Hives with Honey and Wax, thus furnishing Mankind with the two Noblest of Things, which are Sweetness and Light.

'TIS wonderful to conceive the Tumult arisen among the Books upon the Close of this long Descant of *Æsop*; both Parties took the Hint, and heighten'd their Animosities so on a sudden, that they resolv'd it should come to a Battel. Immediately the two main Bodies withdrew under their several Engins to the further Parts of the Library, and there enter'd into Cabals and Con-

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sults

sults upon the present Emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm Debates upon the Choice of their *Leaders*, and nothing less than the Fear impending from their *Enemies*, could have kept them from Mutinies upon this occasion. The Difference was greatest among the *Horse*, where every private *Trooper* pretended to the chief Command, from *Tasso* and *Milton*, to *Dryden* and *Withers*. The *Light-Horse* were commanded by *Cowley* and *Desperaux*. There came the *Bowmen* under their valiant Leaders, *Des-Cartes*, *Gassendi*, and *Hobbes*, whose Strength was such, that they could shoot their Arrows beyond the *Atmosphere*, never to fall down again, but turn like that of *Evander*, into *Meteors*, or like the *Cannon-ball* into *Stars*. *Paracelsus* brought a Squadron of *Stink-Pot-Flingers* from the snowy Mountains of *Rhætia*. There came a vast Body of *Dragoons*, of different Nations, under the leading of *Harvey*, their great *Agæ*: part arm'd with *Scythes*, the Weapons of Death; part with *Launces* and long *Knives*, all steep'd in *Poison*; part shot *Bullets* of a most malignant Nature, and us'd *white Powder* which infallibly kill'd without Report. There came several Bodies of *heavy-arm'd Foot*, all *Mercenaries*, under the Ensigns of *Guicciardine*, *Davila*, *Polydore*, *Virgil*, *Buchan*

nan, Mariana, Cambden, and others. The *Engineers* were commanded by *Regiomontanus* and *Wilkins*. The rest were a confus'd Multitude, led by *Scotus*, *Acquinas*, and *Beilharmino*; of mighty Bulk and Stature, but without either Arms, Courage, or Discipline. In the last place came infinite Swarms of *Calones*, a disorderly Rout led by *Lestranger*; Rogues and Ragamuffins, that follow the Camp for nothing but the Plunder; all without *Coats* to cover them.

THE Army of the *Antients* was much fewer in Number; *Homer* led the *Horse*, and *Pindar* the *Light-Horse*; *Euclid* was chief *Engineer*; *Plato* and *Aristotle* commanded the *Bowmen*; *Herodotus* and *Livy* the *Foot*; *Hippocrates* the *Dragoons*. The *Allies* led by *Vossius*, and *Temple* brought up the Rear.

ALL things violently tending to a decisive Battel: *Fame*, who much frequented and had a large Apartment formerly assign'd her in the *Regal Library*, fled up in haste to *Jupiter*, to whom she deliver'd a faithful Account of all that pass'd between the two Parties below. (For, among the Gods, she always tells Truth.) *Jove*, in great Concern, convokes a Council in the *Milky-Way*. The Senate assembled,



bled, he declares the Occasion of convening them; a bloody Battel just impendent between two mighty Armies of *Antient* and *Modern* Creatures call'd *Books*, wherein the celestial Interest was but too deeply concern'd. *Momus*, the Patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent Speech in their Favour, which was answer'd by *Pallas* the Protectress of the *Antients*. The Assembly was divided in their Affections; when *Jupiter* commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by *Mercury*, three large Volumes in Folio, containing Memoirs of all Things past, present, and to come. The Clasp were of Silver double-gilt; the Covers of celestial Turkey-leather; and the Paper, such as here on Earth might almost pass for Vellum. *Jupiter* having silently read the Decree, would communicate the Import to none, but presently shut up the Book.

WITHOUT the Doors of this Assembly, there attended a vast Number of light, nimble Gods, menial Servants to *Jupiter*: These are his ministring Instruments in all Affairs below. They travel in a Caravan, more or less together, and are fasten'd to each other like a Link of Gally-slaves, by a light Chain, which passes from them to *Jupiter's* great Toe:  
And

And yet, in receiving or delivering a Message, they may never approach above the lowest Step of his Throne, where he and they whisper to each other thro a long hollow Trunk. These Deities are call'd by mortal Men, *Accidents*, or *Events*; but the Gods call them *Second Causes*. Jupiter having deliver'd his Message to a certain Number of these Divinities, they flew immediately down to the Pinnacle of the Regal Library, and consulting a few Minutes, enter'd unseer, and dispos'd the Parties according to their Orders.

MEAN while, *Momus*, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an antient prophecy, which bore no very good Face to his Children the *Moderns*; bent his Flight to the Region of a malignant Deity, call'd *Criticism*. She dwelt on the top of a snowy Mountain in *Nova Zembla*; there *Momus* found her extended in her Den, upon the Spoils of numberless Volumes half devour'd. At her right Hand sat *Ignorance*, her Father and Husband, blind with Age; at her left, *Pride* her Mother, dressing her up in the Scraps of Paper her self had torn. There was *Opinion* her Sister, light of Foot, hoodwink'd, an headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her play'd her Children,

*Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-Manners.* The Goddess herself had Claws like a Cat; her Head, and Ears, and Voice resembled those of an *Ass*; her Teeth fallen out before; her Eyes turn'd inward, as if she look'd only upon herself; her Diet was the overflowing of her own Gall; her *Spleen* was so large, as to stand prominent like a Dug of the first Rate, nor wanted Excrescencies in form of Teats, at which a Crew of ugly Monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the Bulk of Spleen increas'd faster than the Sucking could diminish it. *Goodness*, said *Momus*, can you sit idly here, while our devout Worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel Battel; and, perhaps, now lying under the Swords of their Enemies? Who then, hereafter, will ever sacrifice, or build Altars to our Divinities? Haste therefore to the British Isle, and, if possible, prevent their Destruction, while I make Factions among the Gods, and gain them over to our Party.

*MO MUS*, having thus deliver'd himself, staid not for an Answer, but left the Goddess to her own Resentments; up she rose in a Rage, and as it is the Form upon such Occasions, began a Soliloquy.

'Tis I (said she) who give Wisdom to Infants and Idiots. By me, Children grow wiser than their Parents. By me, Beaux become Politicians; and School-Boys, Judges of Philosophy. By me, Sophisters debate, and conclude upon the Depths of Knowledge; and Coffee-house Wits instinct by me, can correct an Author's Style, and display the minutest Errors, without understanding a Syllable of his Matter or his Language. By me, Striplings spend their Judgment as they do their Estate, before it comes into their Hands. 'Tis I, who have depos'd Wit and Knowledge from their Empire over Poetry, and advanc'd my self in their stead. And shall a few upstart Antients dare to oppose me? ——— But, come, my aged Parents, and you, my Children dear, and thou my beauteous Sister; let us ascend our Chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a Hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful Smell, which from thence reaches my Nostrils.

THE Goddess and her Train having mounted the Chariot, which was drawn by tame Geese, flew over infinite Regions, shedding her Influence in due Place, till at length she arriv'd at her beloved Island of Britain: but in hovering over its Metropolis, what Blessings did she not let

fall upon her Seminaries of *Gresham* and *Covent-Garden*? And how she reach'd the fatal Plain of *St. James's Library*, at what time the two Armies were upon the Point to engage; where, entring with all her Caravan, unseen, and landing upon a Case of Shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a Colony of *Virtuoso's*, she staid a while to observe the Posture of both Armies.

BUT here the tender Cares of a Mother began to fill her Thoughts, and move in her Breast. For, at the Head of a Troop of *Modern Bowmen*, she cast her Eyes upon her Son *W-tt-n*; to whom the Fates had assign'd a very short Thred. *W-tt-n*, a young Hero, whom an unknown Father of mortal Race, begot by stolen Embraces with this Goddess. He was the Darling of his Mother, above all her Children, and she resolv'd to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old Custom of Deities, she cast about to change her Shape, for fear the Divinity of her Countenance might dazzle his mortal Sight, and over charge the rest of his Senses. She therefore gather'd up her Person into an *Octavo Compass*: her Body grew white, and arid, and split in pieces with Dryness; the thick turn'd into Pastboard, and the thin into Paper, upon



upon which her Parents and Children, artfully strow'd a black Juice, or Decoction of Gall and Soot, in form of Letters ; her Head, and Voice, and Spleen kept their primitive Form, and that which before was a cover of Skin, did still continue so. In which Guise she march'd on towards the *Moderns*, undistinguishable in Shape and Dress from the *Divine B-mtl-y*, *W--tt--n's* dearest Friend. *Brave W--tt--n*, said the Goddess, *Why do our Troops stand idle here to spend there present Vigour, and Opportunity of the Day? Away, let us haste to the Generals, and advise to give the Onset immediately.* Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her Monsters, full glutted from her Spleen, and hung it invisibly into his Mouth ; which flying strait up into his Head, squeez'd out his Eye-balls, gave him a distorted Look, and half overturn'd his Brain. Then she privately order'd two of her beloved Children, *Dulness* and *Ill-Manners*, closely to attend his Person in all Encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanish'd in a Mist, and the Hero perceiv'd it was the Goddess, his Mother.

THE destin'd Hour of Fate being now arriv'd, the Fight began ; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a parti-

cular Description, I must, after the Example of other Authors, petition for a hundred Tongues, and Mouths, and Hands, and Pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a Work. Say, Goddess, that presidest over History; who it was that first advanc'd in the Field of Battel. *Paracelsus*, at the Head of his *Dragoons*, observing *Galen* in the adverse Wing, darted his Javelin with a mighty Force, which the brave *Antient* receiv'd upon his Shield, the Point breaking in the second Fold.

*Hic pauca desunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* on their Shields to his Chariot

*Desunt nonnulla.*

THEN *Aristotle*, observing *Bacon* advance with a furious Mien, drew his Bow to the Head, and let fly his Arrow, which miss'd the valiant *Modern*, and went hissing over his Head; but *Des Cartes* hit it: The Steel Point quickly found the *Defect* in his *Head-piece*; it pierc'd the Leather and the Pastboard, and went in at his right Eye. The Torture of the Pain whirl'd

whirl'd the valiant *Bowman* round, till  
Death, like a Star of superior Influence,  
drew him into his own *Vortex*. \* \* \*

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*Ingens hiatus  
hic in MS.*

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when *Homer* appear'd at the Head of the  
Cavalry, mounted on a furious Horse,  
with Difficulty manag'd by the Rider him-  
self, but which no other Mortal durst ap-  
proach; he rode among the Enemies  
Ranks, and bore down all before him.  
Say, Goddess, whom he slew first, and  
whom he slew last. First, *Gondibert* ad-  
vanc'd against him, clad in heavy Ar-  
mour, and mounted on a staid sober Gel-  
ding, not so fam'd for his Speed as his  
Docility in kneeling, whenever his Rider  
would mount or alight. He had made a  
Vow to *Pallas*, that he would never leave  
the Field, till he had spoil'd

† *Homer* of his Armour: † *Vid. Homer.*  
Madman! who had never

once seen the Wearer, nor understood  
his Strength. Him *Homer* overthrew  
Horse and Man to the Ground, there to  
be trampled and choak'd in the Dirt.  
Then, with a long Spear, he slew *Denham*,  
a stout *Modern*, who, from his Father's  
side, deriv'd his Lineage from *Apollo*,  
but his Mother was of mortal Race. He  
fell,

fell, and bit the Earth. The Celestial Part of *Apollo* took, and made it a Star, but the Terrestrial lay wallowing upon the Ground. Then *Homer* slew *W. st-y* with a kick of his Horse's Heel; he took *Perrault* by mighty Force out of his Saddle, then hurl'd him to *Fontenelle*, with the same Blow dashing out both their Brains.

ON the left Wing of the Horse *Virgil* appear'd in shining Armour, compleatly fitted to his Body; he was mounted on a dapple grey Steed, the slowness of whose Pace was an Effect of the highest Mettle and Vigour. He cast his Eye on the adverse Wing, with a desire to find an Object worthy of his Valour: when behold, upon a sorrel Gelding of a monstrous Size appear'd a Foe, issuing from among the thickest of the Enemy's Squadrons; but his Seed was less than his Noise: for his Horse, old and lean, spent the Dregs of his Strength in a high Trot, which tho it made slow Advances, yet caus'd a loud Clashing of his Armour terrible to hear. The two Cavaliers had now approach'd within a Throw of a Lance, when the Stranger desir'd a Parley; and lifting up the Vizard of his Helmet, a Face hardly appear'd from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned.

renown'd *Dryden*. The brave *Antient* suddenly started, as one possess'd with Surprise and Disappointment together: For the Helmet was nine Times too large for the Head, which appear'd situate far in the hinder Part, even like the Lady in a Lobster, or like a Mouse under a Canopy of State, or like a shrivled Beau from within the Pent-house of a modern Peruke: and the Voice was suited to the Visage, sounding weak and remote. *Dryden* in a long Harangue sooth'd up the good *Antient*, call'd him *Father*, and by a large Deduction of Genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly propos'd an Exchange of Armour, as a lasting Mark of Hospitality between them. *Virgil* consented (for the Goddess *Deffidence* came unseen, and cast a Mist before his Eyes) tho his was of Gold, and cost a hundred Beeves, the *V.d. Homer.* other's but of rusty Iron.

However, this glittering Armour became the *Modern*. yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange Horses; but when it came to the Trial, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

\* \* \* \* \* *Alter hiatus in MS.*

\* \* \* \* \* *Lucan* appear'd upon



a fiery Horse, of admirable Shape, but head-strong, bearing the Rider where he list, over the Field; he made a mighty Slaughter among the Enemy's Horse; which Destruction to stop, *Bl-ckm-re*, a famous *Modern* (but one of the *Mercenaries*) strenuously oppos'd himself; and darted a Javelin, with a strong Hand, which falling short of its Mark, struck deep in the Earth. Then *Lucan* threw a Lance; but *Æsculapius* came unseen, and turn'd off the Point. *Brave Modern*, said *Lucan*, *I perceive some God protects you, for never did my Arm so deceive me before; but what Mortal can contend with a God? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present Gifts to each other.* *Lucan* then bestow'd the *Modern* a Pair of Spurs, and *Paucæ desunt.* *Bl-ckm-regave Lucan a Bridle.*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Creech*; but the Goddess *Dulness* took a Cloud, form'd into the Shape of *Horace*, arm'd and mounted, and plac'd it in a flying Posture before him. Glad was the Cavalier to begin a Combat with a flying Foe, and pursu'd the Image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful Bower of his Father *Ogleby*, by whom he was disarm'd, and assign'd to his Repose.

THEN

THEN *Pindar* slew —, and —, and  
*Oldham*, and — and *Afra* the *Amazon*  
 light of foot; never advancing in a di-  
 rect Line, but wheeling with incredible  
 Agility and Force, he made a terrible  
 Slaughter among the Enemies *Light-Horse*.  
 Him, when *Cowley* observ'd, his generous  
 Heart burnt within him, and he advanc'd  
 against the fierce *Antient*, imitating his  
 Address, and Pace, and Career, as well  
 as the Vigour of his Horse, and his own  
 Skill would allow. When the two Cava-  
 liers had approach'd within the Length of  
 three Javelins; first *Cowley* threw a Lance,  
 which miss'd *Pindar*, and passing into the  
 Enemy's Ranks, fell ineffectual to the  
 Ground. Then *Pindar* darted a Javelin  
 so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen  
*Cavaliers*, as *Cavaliers* are in our dege-  
 nerate Days, could raise it from the  
 Ground; yet he threw it with Ease, and  
 it went by an unerring Hand, singing thro'  
 the Air: nor could the *Modern* have a-  
 voided present Death, if he had not  
 luckily oppos'd the Shield that had been  
 given him by *Venus*. And now both He-  
 ro's drew their Swords, but the *Modern*  
 was so aghast and disorder'd, that he knew  
 not where he was; his Shield drop'd  
 from his Hands; thrice he fled, and thrice  
 he could not escape; at last he turn'd, and  
 lifting.

Raising up his hand in the Posture of a  
 Suppliant, *God-like Pindar*, said he, spare  
 my Life, and possess my Horse with these  
 Arms; besides the Ransom which my Friends  
 will give, when they hear I am alive, and  
 your Prisoner. Dog, said Pindar, Let your  
 Ransom stay with your Friends, but your  
 Carcass shall be left for the Fowls of the  
 Air, and the Beasts of the Field. With  
 that he rais'd his Sword, and with a  
 mighty Stroke cleft the wretched *Mo-*  
*dern* in twain, the Sword pursuing the  
 Blow; and one half lay panting on the  
 Ground, to be trod in pieces by the  
 Horses Feet, the other half, was born by  
 the frighted Steed thro the Field. This  
*Venus* took, and wash'd it seven times in  
*Ambrosia*, then struck it thrice with a  
 Sprig of *Amarant*; upon which, the Lea-  
 ther grew round and soft, and the Leaves  
 turn'd into Feathers, and being gilded be-  
 fore, continu'd gilded still: so it became  
 a Dove, and she harness'd it to her Cha-

riot. \* \* \* \* \*  
*Hiatus valde* \* \* \* \* \*  
*deslendus in MSr* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The Episcide of  
 B---nt---y and  
 W---tt---n.

DAY being far spent,  
 and the numerous Forces of  
 the *Moderns* half inclining  
 to a Retreat, there issu'd  
 forth.

forth from a Squadron of their *heavy*  
*arm'd Foot*, a Captain whose Name was  
*B-m-l-y*; in Person the most deform'd  
 of all the *Moderns*; tall, but without  
 Shape or Comeliness; large, but without  
 Strength or Proportion. His Armour was  
 patch'd up of a thousand incoherent  
 Pieces; and the Sound of it, as he  
 march'd, was loud and dry, like that  
 made by the Fall of a Sheet of Lead,  
 which an *Etesian* Wind blows suddenly  
 down from the Roof of some Steeple.  
 His Helmet was of old rusty Iron, but  
 the Vizard was Brass, which tainted by  
 his Breath, corrupted into Copperas, nor  
 wanted Gall, from the same Fountain;  
 so that whenever provok'd by Anger or  
 Labour, an atramentous Quality, of most  
 malignant Nature, was seen to distil from  
 his Lips. In his right Hand he grasp'd a  
 Flail, and (that he might never be un-  
 provided of an *offensive* Weapon) a Vessel  
 full of *Ordure* in his left: Thus, com-  
 pletly arm'd, he advanc'd with a slow  
 and heavy Pace, where the *Modern* Chiefs  
 were holding a Consult upon the Sum  
 of things; who as he came onwards,  
 laugh'd to behold his crooked Leg, and  
 hump Shoulder, which his Boot and Ar-  
 mour vainly endeavouring to hide, were  
 forc'd to comply with, and expose. The  
 Generals made use of him for his Talent  
 of

of Railing, which kept within Govern-  
ment, prov'd frequently of great Service  
to their Cause, but at other times did  
more mischief than good; for at the  
least Touch of Offence, and often with-  
out any at all, he would, like a wounded  
Elephant, convert it against his Leaders,  
Such, at this Juncture, was the Dispo-  
sition of *B-ntl-y*, griev'd to see the Ene-  
my prevail, and dissatisfy'd with every  
body's Conduct but his own. He hum-  
bly gave the *Modern* Generals to under-  
stand, that he conceiv'd, with great Sub-  
mission, they were all a Pack of *Rogues*,  
and *Fools*, and *Sons of Whores*, and *d-mn'd*  
*Cowards*, and *confounded Loggerheads*, and  
*illiterate Whelps*, and *nonsensical Scoun-*  
*drels*; that if himself had been consti-  
tuted General, those *presumptuous Dogs*,  
the *Antients*, would long before this have  
been beaten out of the Field.

*Vid. Homer*  
*de Therfite.*

You, said he, sit here idle, but  
when I or any other valiant  
Modern kill an Enemy, you are sure to  
seize the Spoil. But I will not march one  
Foot against the Foe, till you all swear to  
me, that, whomever I take or kill, his  
Arms I shall quietly possess. *B-ntl-y* hav-  
ing spoke thus, *Scaliger* bestowing him  
a sower Look; *Miscreant Prater*, said he,  
*Eloquent only in thine own Eyes*, thou rail-  
est without Wit, or Truth, or Discretion.

T



*The Malignity of thy Temper perverteth Nature; thy Learning makes thee more Barbarous; thy Study of Humanity more Inhuman; thy Converse amongst Poets more groveling, miry, and dull. All Arts of civilizing others, render thee rude and untractable; Courts have taught thee ill Manners, and polite Conversation has finish'd thee a Pedant. Besides, a greater Coward burdeneth not the Army. But never despond, I pass my word, whatever Spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own; tho, I hope that vile Carcass will first become a Prey to Kites and Worms.*

*B--NTL--Y* durst not reply, but half choak'd with Spleen and Rage, withdrew in full Resolution of performing some great Atchievment. With him, for his Aid and Companion, he took his beloved *W--tt--n*, resolving, by Policy or Surprise, to attempt some neglected Quarter of the *Antients* Army. They began their March over Carcasses of their slaughter'd Friends, then to the Right of their own Forces; then wheel'd Northward till they came to *Aldravandus's* Tomb, which they pass'd on the side of the declining Sun. And now they arriv'd with Fear towards the Enemy's Out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the Quarters of the Wounded, or some straggling Sleepers, unarm'd

unarm'd and remote from the rest. As when two *Mungrel Curs*, whom *native Greediness*, and *domestick Want*, provoke, and join in Partnership, tho' fearful, nightly to invade the Folds of some rich Grazier; they, with Tails depress'd, and lolling Tongues, creep soft and slow: meanwhile, the conscious *Moon*, now in her *Zenith*, on their guilty Heads, darts perpendicular Rays; nor dare they bark, tho' much provok'd at her refulgent Visage, whether seen in Puddle by Reflection, or in Sphere direct; but one surveys the Region round, while the t'other scouts the Plain, if haply to discover at distance from the Flock, some *Carcass* half devour'd, the Refuse of gorg'd Wolves, or ominous Ravens. So march'd this lovely, loving Pair of Friends, nor with less Fear and Circumspection; when at distance, they might perceive two shining Suits of Armour, hanging upon an Oak, and the Owners not far off in a profound Sleep. The two Friends drew Lots, and the pursuing of this Adventure fell to *B-nl-y*; on he went, and in his Van *Confusion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the Rear. As he came near, behold two Heroes of the *Antients* Army, *Phalaris* and *Æsc*, lay fast asleep: *B-nl-y* would fain have dispatch'd them both, and stealing close,

aim'd

aim'd his Flail at *Phalaris's* Breast. But then the Goddess *Affright* interposing, caught the *Modern* in her icy Arms, and drag'd him from the Danger she foresaw; for both the dormant Heros happen'd to turn at the same instant, tho' soundly sleeping, and busy in a Dream. For *Phalaris* was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile *Poetaster* had lampoon'd him, and how he had got him roaring in his *Bull*. And *Æsop* dreamt, that as he and the *Antient* Chiefs were lying on the Ground, a *Wild Ass* broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their Faces. *B---ntl---y*, leaving the two Heroes asleep, seiz'd on both their Armours, and withdrew in quest of his Darling *W---tt---n*.

H E, in the mean time had wander'd long in search of some Enterprize, till at length he arriv'd at a small *Rivulet*, that issu'd from a Fountain hard by, call'd in the Language of mortal Men, *Helicon*. Here he stop'd, and parch'd with Thirst, resolv'd to allay it in this limpid Stream. Thrice, with profane Hands, he essay'd to raise the Water to his Lips, and thrice it slipt all thro' his Fingers. Then he stoop'd prone on his Breast, but e'r his Mouth had kiss'd the liquid Chrystal, *Apollo* came, and in the Channel held his  
*Shield*

*Shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the *Fountain*, so that he drew up nothing but *Mud*. For altho no *Fountain* on *Earth* can compare with the *Clearness* of *Helicon*, yet there lies at bottom a thick *Sediment* of *Slime* and *Mud*: For so *Apollo* beg'd of *Jupiter*, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallow'd Lips, and for a Lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the *Spring*.

AT the *Fountain-Head* *W—tt—n* discern'd two *Heroes*: The one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for *Temple*, General of the *Allies* to the *Antients*. His Back was turn'd, and he was imploy'd in drinking large Draughts in his *Helmet* from the *Fountain*, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the *Toils* of the *War*. *W—tt—n* observing him, with quaking *Knees*, and trembling *Hands*, spoke thus to himself: *Oh that I could kill this Destroyer of our Army, what Renown should I purchase among the Chiefs! But to issue out against him, Man for Man, Shield against Shield, and Launce against Launce; what Modern of us dare? For he fights like a God, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his Elbow. But, Oh Mother! if what*  
*Fame*

*Vid. Homer.*

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*Fame reports be true, that I am the Son of  
 so great a Goddess, grant me to hit Temple  
 with this Launce, that the Stroke may send  
 him to Hell, and that I may return in  
 Safety and Triumph, laden with his Spoils.*  
 The first Part of his Prayer the Gods  
 granted, at the Intercession of his *Mother*  
 and of *Momus*; but the rest, by a per-  
 verse Wind sent from *Fate*, was scatter'd  
 in the Air. Then *W—tt—n* grasp'd his  
 Launce, and brandishing it thrice over  
 his Head, darted it with all his Might; the  
*Goddeſs*, his *Mother*, at the same time  
 adding Strength to his Arm. Away the  
 Launce went hissing, and reach'd even  
 to the Belt of the averted *Antient*; up-  
 on which, lightly grazing, it fell to the  
 Ground. *Temple* neither felt the Wea-  
 pon touch him, nor heard it fall; and  
*W—tt—n* might have escap'd to his Ar-  
 my, with the Honour of having emitted  
 his Launce against so great a Leader un-  
 reveng'd. But *Apollo* inrag'd that a Ja-  
 velin, flung by the Assistance of so foul  
 a Goddess, should pollute his Fountain,  
 put on the shape of —, and softly  
 came to young *Boyle*, who then accom-  
 pany'd *Temple*. He pointed first to the  
 Launce, then to the distant *Modern* that  
 flung it, and commanded the young He-  
 ro to take immediate Revenge. *Boyle*,  
 clad in a Suit of Armour, which had been  
 given



given him by all the Gods, immediately advanc'd against the trembling Foe, who now fled before him. As a young Lion in the *Lybian Plains*, or *Araby Desert*, sent by his aged Sire to hunt for Prey, or Health, or Exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some Tiger from the Mountains, or a furious Boar: If chance a *Wild Ass*, with Brayings importune, affronts his Ear, the generous Beast, tho loathing to distain his Claws with Blood so vile, yet much provok'd at the offensive Noise; which *Eccho*, foolish Nymph, like her ill-judging Sex, repeats much louder, and with more Delight than *Phylomela's* Song: He vindicates the Honour of the Forest, and hunts the noisy, long-ear'd Animal. So *W-tt-n* fled, so *Boyle* pursu'd. But *W-tt-n* heavy-arm'd and slow of foot, began to slack his Course; when his Lover *B-ntl-y* appear'd, returning laden with the Spoils of the two sleeping *Antients*. *Boyle* observ'd him well, and soon discovering the Helmet and Shield of *Phalaris* his Friend, both which he had lately with his own Hands new polish'd and gilded; Rage sparkled in his Eyes, and leaving his Pursuit after *W-tt-n*, he furiously rush'd on against this new Approacher. Fain would he be reveng'd on both, but both

now

now fled different ways.

And as a Woman in a little *Vide Homer.*

House, that gets a painful

Livelihood by Spinning, if chance her  
*Geese* be scatter'd over the Common, she  
 courses round the Plain from side to  
 side, compelling here and there the Strag-  
 glers to the Flock; they cackle loud,  
 and flutter o'er the Champian: So *Boyle*  
 pursu'd, so fled this pair of Friends;  
 finding at length their Flight was vain,  
 they bravely join'd, and drew themselves  
 in *Phalanx*. First, *B—ntl—y* threw a  
 Spear with all his Force, hoping to pierce  
 the Enemy's Breast; but *Pallas* came un-  
 seen, and in the Air took off the Point,  
 and clap'd on one of *Lead*, which after a  
 dead Bang against the Enemy's Shield,  
 fell blunted to the Ground. Then *Boyle*  
 observing well his Time, took a Launce  
 of wondrous Length and Sharpness, and  
 as this Pair of Friends compacted stood  
 close Side to Side, he wheel'd him to the  
 right, and with unusual Force darted the  
 Weapon. *B—ntl—y* saw his Fate ap-  
 proach, and flanking down his Arms  
 close to his Ribs, hoping to save his Bo-  
 dy, in went the Point, passing thro Arm  
 and Side; nor stop'd, or spent its Force,  
 till it had also pierc'd the valiant *W—rr—n*,  
 who going to sustain his dying Friend,  
 shar'd his Fate. As when a skilful Cook

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has

has truss'd a Brace of *Woodcocks*, he,  
 with Iron Skewer, pierces the tender  
 Sides of both, their Legs and Wings close  
 pinion'd to their Ribs: So was this pair  
 of Friends transfix'd, till down they fell,  
 join'd in their Lives, join'd in their  
 Deaths; so closely join'd, that *Charon*  
 will mistake them both for one, and waft  
 them over *Styx* for half his Fare. Fare-  
 wel beloved, loving Pair, few Equals have  
 you left behind: And happy and immor-  
 tal shall you be, if all my Wit and  
 Eloquence can make you so.

AND now \* \* \* \* \*  
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 \* \* \* \* \* *Defunct cetera.*

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DISCOURSE

Concerning the  
Mechanical Operation  
OF THE  
SPIRIT.  
IN A

LETTER *to a* FRIEND.

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FRAGMENT.

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THE  
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Advertisement.

**T**HE following Discourse came into my Hands perfect and entire. But there being several Things in it, which the present Age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some Years, resolving it should never see the Light. At length, by the Advice and Assistance of a judicious Friend, I retrench'd those Parts that might give most Offence, and have now ventur'd to publish the Remainder. Concerning the Author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing Pieces, the Original having been sent me at a different Time, and in a different Hand. The Learned Reader will better determine; to whose Judgment I entirely submit it.

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DISCOURSE  
Concerning the  
Mechanical Operation  
OF THE  
SPIRIT, &c.

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*For T. H. Esquire, at his Chambers  
in the Academy of the Beaux  
Esprits in New-Holland.*

S I R,

**I**T is now a good while since I have  
had in my Head something not on-  
ly very material, but absolutely ne-  
cessary to my Health, that the World  
should be inform'd in. For to tell you

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a Secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplex'd for some time to resolve what would be the most proper Form to send it abroad in. To which end I have three days been coursing thro *Westminster-Hall*, and *St. Paul's Church-yard* and *Fleetstreet*, to peruse *Titles*, and I do not find any which holds so general a Vogue as that of *A Letter to a Friend*: Nothing is more common than to meet with long Epistles address'd to Persons and Places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient: Such as a *Neighbour at next Door*, a *mortal Enemy*, a *perfect Stranger*, or a *Person of Quality in the Clouds*; and these upon Subjects, in appearance, the least proper for Conveyance by the Post; as long *Schemes in Philosophy*, dark and wonderful *Mysteries of State*, laborious *Dissertations in Criticism and Philosophy*, *Advice to Parliaments*, and the like.

NOW, Sir, to proceed after the Method in present Wear. (For let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *Letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your hands) I desire you will be my Witness to the World, how careless and sudden a Scribble it has been; that

that it was but yesterday when you and I began accidentally to fall into Discourse on this Matter ; that I was not very well when we parted ; that the Post is in such haste, I have had no manner of Time to digest it into Order, or correct the Stile : And if any other modern Excuses for Haste and Negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledg'd.

PRAY, Sir, in your next Letter to the *Iroquois Virtuosi*, do me the Favour to present my humble Service to that illustrious Body, and assure them I shall send an Account of those *Phænomena*, as soon as we can determine them to *Gresham*.

I HAVE not had a Line from the *Literari* of *Tobinambou* these three last Ordinaries.

AND now, Sir, having dispatch'd what I had to say of Forms, or of Business, let me intreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my Subject, and to pardon me if I make no further Use of the Epistolary Stile, till I come to conclude.

SECT.

## S E C T. I.

**T**IS recorded of *Mahomet*, that upon a Visit he was going to pay in *Paradise*, he had an Offer of several Vehicles to conduct him upwards ; as fiery Chariots, wing'd Horses, and Celestial Sedans : but he refus'd them all, and would be born to Heaven upon nothing but his *Ass*. Now this Inclination of *Mahomet*, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout *Christians*, and doubtless with very good Reason. For since that *Arabian* is known to have borrow'd a Moiety of his Religious System from the *Christian* Faith, it is but just he should pay Reprisals to such as would challenge them ; wherein the good People of *England*, to do them all Right, have not been backward. For tho there is not any other Nation in the World so plentifully provided with Carriages for that Journey, either as to Safety or Ease ; yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfy'd with any other Machine besides this of *Mahomet*.

F O R

FOR my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular Respect to this Animal, by whom I take human Nature to be most admirably held forth in all its Qualities as well as Operations: And therefore whatever in my small Reading occurs, concerning this our Fellow-Creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of Common Place; and when I have occasion to write upon Human Reason, Politicks, Eloquence or Knowledge, I lay my *Memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful Facility of Application. However, among all the Qualifications ascrib'd to this distinguish'd Brute, by antient or modern Authors, I cannot remember this Talent, of bearing his Rider to Heaven, has been recorded for a Part of his Character, except in the two Examples mention'd already; therefore I conceive the Methods of this Art to be a Point of useful Knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned World would gladly be better inform'd in. This is what I have undertaken to perform in the following Discourse: For towards the Operation already mention'd, many peculiar Properties are requir'd, both in the *Rider* and the *Ass*; which

which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a Light as I can.

BUT because I am resolv'd, by all means, to avoid giving Offence to any Party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *Letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of Allegory; tho in such a manner, that the judicious Reader may, without much straining, make his Applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please from henceforward, instead of the Term *Ast*, we shall make use of *gifted*, or *enlighten'd Teacher*; and the word *Rider* we will exchange for that of *Fanatick Auditory*, or any other Denomination of the like Import. Having settled this weighty Point, the great Subject of Inquiry before us, is to examine by what Methods this *Teacher* arrives at his *Gifts*, or *Spirit*, or *Light*; and by what Intercourse between him and his Assembly, it is cultivated and supported.

IN all my Writings I have had constant regard to this great end; not to suit and apply them to particular Occasions and Circumstances of Time, of Place, or of Person, but to calculate them

for



for universal Nature, and Mankind in general. And of such Catholick Use I esteem this present Disquisition: For I do not remember any other Temper of Body, or Quality of Mind, wherein all Nations and Ages of the World have so unanimously agreed, as that of a *Fanatick* Strain, or Tincture of *Enthusiasm*; which improv'd by certain Persons or Societies of Men, and by them practis'd upon the rest, has been able to produce Revolutions of the greatest Figure in History; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of *Arabia*, *Persia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*. Farther, it has possess'd as great a Power in the Kingdom of Knowledg, where it is hard to assign one Art or Science, which has not annex'd to it some *Fanatick* Branch: Such are the *Philosopher's Stone*; \* *the Grand Elixir*; *the Planetary Worlds*; *the Squaring of the Circle*; *the Summum Bonum*; *Utopian Commonwealth*; with some others of less or subordinate Note: which all serve for nothing else but to imploy or amuse this Grain of *Enthusiasm*, dealt into every Composition.

\* Some Writers hold them for the same, others not.

BUT

BUT if this Plant has found a Root in the Fields of *Empire*, and of *Knowledg*, it has fix'd deeper, and spread yet farther upon *Holy Ground*. Wherein, tho it hath pass'd under the general name of *Enthusiasm*, and perhaps arisen from the same Original, yet hath it produc'd certain Branches of a very different Nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal Acceptation, may be defin'd, *A lifting up of the Soul, or its Faculties, above Matter*. This Description will hold good in general, but I am only to understand it as apply'd to *Religion*; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the Soul, or transporting it beyond the Sphere of Matter. The first is the immediate Act of God, and is call'd *Prophecy* or *Inspiration*. The second is the immediate Act of the Devil, and is term'd *Possession*. The third is the Product of natural Causes, the Effect of strong Imagination, Spleen, violent Anger, Fear, Grief, Pain and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by Authors, and therefore shall not imploy my Inquiry. But the fourth Method of *Religious Enthusiasm*, launching out the Soul, as it is purely an Effect of Artifice and *Mechanick Operation*, has been

been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any Writer ; because, tho it is an Art of great Antiquity, yet having been confin'd to few Persons, it long wanted these Advancements and Refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so Epidemick, and fallen into so many cultivating Hands.

IT is therefore upon this *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit* that I mean to treat, as it is at present perform'd by our *British Workmen*: I shall deliver to the Reader the Result of many judicious Observations upon the matter ; tracing, as near as I can, the whole Course and Method of this *Trade*, producing parallel Instances, and relating certain Discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I HAVE said, that there is one Branch of *Religious Enthusiasm*, which is purely an Effect of Nature ; whereas, the Part I mean to handle, is wholly an Effect of Art : which, however, is inclin'd to work upon certain Natures and Constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an Operation, which in its Original, was purely an Artifice ; but, thro a long Succession of  
Ages,

Ages, hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates* tells us, that among our Ancestors, the *Scythians*, there was a Nation, call'd \* *Long-heads*, which at first began by a Custom among Midwives and Nurses, of molding, and squeezing, and bracing up the Heads of Infants ; by which means Nature shut out at one Passage, was forc'd to seek another, and finding room above, shot upwards, in the Form of a Sugar-Loaf ; and being diverted that way, for some Generations at last found it out of her self, needing no Assistance from the Nurses Hand. This was the Original of the *Scythian Long-heads* ; and thus did Custom, from being a second Nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among Us of this Nation, who are the undoubted Posterity of that refin'd People. For, in the Age of our Fathers, there arose a Generation of Men in this Island call'd *Round-heads*, whose Race is now spread over three Kingdoms, yet in its Beginning was merely an Operation of Art, produc'd by a pair of Scissars, a Squeeze on the Face, and a black Cap. These Heads, thus form'd into a perfect Sphere in all Assemblies, were most expos'd to the View of the

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the Female Sort, which did influence their Conceptions so effectually, that Nature, at last, took the Hint, and did it of her self; so that a *Round head* has been ever since as familiar a Sight among Us, as a *Long-head* among the *Scythians*.

UPON these Examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious Reader to distinguish, First, between an Effect grown from *Art* into *Nature*, and one that is natural from its Beginning: Secondly, between an Effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural Foundation, but where the Superstructure is entirely Artificial. For the first and the last of these I understand to come within the Districts of my Subject. And having obtain'd these Allowances, they will serve to remove any Objections that may be rais'd hereafter against what I shall advance.

THE Practitioners of this famous Art proceed in general upon the following Fundamental; That *the Corruption of the Senses is the Generation of the Spirit*: because the *Senses* in Men are so many Avenues to the Fort of *Reason*, which in this Operation is wholly block'd up. All Endeavours



deavours must be therefore us'd, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuses the *Senses*, or else to juggle them out of their Stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employ'd or engag'd in a Civil War against each other, the *Spirit* enters and performs its part.

NOW the usual Methods of managing the Senses upon such Conjunctions, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do: But having had the Honour to be initiated into the Mysteries of every Society, I desire to be excus'd from divulging any Rites, wherein the *Profane* must have no Part.

BUT here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous Objection must, if possible, be remov'd: For, it is positively deny'd by certain Criticks, that the *Spirit* can by any means be introduc'd into an Assembly of Modern Saints, the Disparity being so great in many material Circumstances, between the Primitive Way of Inspiration, and that which is practis'd in the present Age. This they pretend to prove from the second Chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both

it appears, First, that *the Apostles were gather'd together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant, an universal Agreement in Opinion, and Form of Worship; a Harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two Conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two Heads in the same. Secondly, the *Spirit* instructed the Apostles in the Gift of speaking several Languages; a Knowledg so remote from our Dealers in this Art, that they neither understand Propriety of Words, or Phrases in their own. Lastly, (say these Objectors) The Modern Artists do utterly exclude all Approaches of the *Spirit*, and bar up its antient Way of entering, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a-top. For they will needs have it as a Point clearly gain'd, that the *Cloven Tongues* never sat upon the Apostles Heads, while their Hats were on.

NOW, the Force of these Objections seems to consist in the different Acceptation of the Word *Spirit*: which if it be understood for a supernatural Assistance, approaching from without, the Objectors have Reason, and their Assertions may be allow'd; but the *Spirit* we treat of here,

here, proceeding entirely from within the Argument of these Adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account our Modern Artificers find it an Expedient of absolute Necessity, to cover their Heads as close as they can, in order to prevent Perspiration, than which nothing is observ'd to be a greater Splendor of Mechanick Light; as we may, perhaps, farther shew in convenient Place.

TO proceed therefore upon the *Phenomenon* of *Spiritual Mechanism*. It is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *Spirit*, the Assembly has a considerable Share, as well as the Preacher; the Method of this *Arcanum* is as follows: They violently strain their Eye-balls inward, half closing the Lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual Motion of *See-saw*, making long Hums at proper Periods, and continuing the Sound at equal Height, chusing their Time in those Intermissions, while the Preacher is at Ebb. Neither is this Practice, in any part of it, so singular or improbable, as not to be trac'd in distant Regions, from Reading and Observation.

† Brenier, *Mem. de Mogol.*

For, first, the † *Jaugais*, or enlighten'd Saints of *India*, see all their Visions by help of

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of an acquir'd Straining and Pressure of the Eyes. Secondly, the Art of *See-saw* on a Beam, and swinging by Session upon a Cord, in order to raise artificial Extasies, hath been deriv'd to us, from our *Scythian* Ancestors, where it is practis'd at this Day among the Women. Lastly, the whole Proceeding, as I have here related it, is perform'd by the Natives of *Ireland*, with a considerable Improvement; and it is granted, that this noble Nation, hath of all others, admitted fewer Corruptions, and degenerated least from the Purity of the Old *Tartars*. Now, it is usual for a Knot of *Irish* Men and Women to abstract themselves from Matter, bind up all their Senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by Influence of a short Pipe of Tobacco, handed round the Company; each preserving the Smoke in his Mouth, till it comes again to his Turn to take in fresh: at the same time, there is a Consort of a continu'd gentle Hum, repeated and renew'd by Instinct, as Occasion requires; and they move their Bodies up and down, to a Degree, that sometimes their Heads and Points lie parallel to the Horizon. Mean while you may observe their Eyes turn'd up in the Posture of one who endeavours to keep himself

himself awake ; by which, and many other Symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the Reasoning Faculties are all suspended and superseded, that Imagination hath usurp'd the Seat, scattering a thousand Deliriums over the Brain. Returning from this Digression, I shall describe the Methods by which the *Spirit* approaches. The Eyes being dispos'd according to Art, at first you shall see nothing, but after a short Pause, a small glimmering Light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your Body up and down, you perceive the Vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dos'd and fluster'd like one who drinks too much in a Morning. Mean while the Preacher is also at work ; he begins a loud Hum, which pierces you quite thro ; this is immediately return'd by the Audience, and you find your self prompted to imitate them, by a meer spontaneous Impulse, without knowing what you do. The *Interstitia* are duly fill'd up by the Preacher, to prevent too long a Pause, under which the *Spirit* would soon faint and grow languid.

THIS is all I am allow'd to discover about the Progress of the *Spirit*, with relation

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lation to that part which is born by the *Assembly*; but in the *Methods* of the *Preacher*, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

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## S E C T. II.

**Y**OU will read it very gravely remark'd in the Books of those illustrious and right eloquent Pen-men, the *Modern Travellers*; that the fundamental Difference in Point of Religion, between the wild *Indians* and *Us*, lies in this; that we worship *God*, and they worship the *Devil*. But there are certain *Criticks*, who will by no means admit of this *Distinction*; rather believing, that all Nations whatsoever adore the *true God*, because they seem to intend their Devotions to some invisible Power, of greatest *Goodness* and *Ability* to help them, which perhaps will take in the brightest Attributes ascrib'd to the Divinity. Others, again, inform us, that those *Idolaters* adore two *Principles*; the *Principle* of *Good*, and that of *Evil*: which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal Notion, that Mankind, by the mere Light of Na-  
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ture;

ture, ever entertain'd of Things Invisible. How this Idea hath been manag'd by the *Indians* and *Us*, and with what Advantage to the Understandings of either, may well deserve to be examin'd. To me the Difference appears little more than this, That they are put oftner upon their Knees by their *Fears*, and we by our *Desires*; That the former set them a *Praying*, and us a *Cursing*. What I applaud them for, is their Discretion in limiting their Devotions and their Deities to their several Districts, nor ever suffering the Liturgy of the *white* God to cross or interfere with that of the *black*. Not so with us, who pretending by the Lines and Measures of our Reason to extend the Dominion of one invisible Power, and contract that of the other, have discover'd a gross Ignorance in the Natures of Good and Evil, as most horribly confound the Frontiers of both. After Men have lifted up the Throne of their Divinity to the *Cælum Empyream*, adorn'd him with all such Qualities and Accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess: After they have sunk their *Principle* of *Evil* to the lowest Center, bound him with Chains, loaded him with Curses, furnish'd him with viler Dispositions than any *Rake-hell*

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of the Town, accoutred him with Tail, and Horns and huge Claws, and saucer Eyes ; I laugh'd aloud to see these Reasoners, at the same time, engag'd in wise Dispute about certain Walks and Purliens, whether they are in the Verge of God or the Devil, seriously debating, whether such and such Influences come into Mens Minds from above or below, or whether certain Passions and Affections are guided by the evil Spirit, or the Good.

*Dum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum*

*Discernunt avidi*——

Thus do Men establish a Fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the Analogy between cloven Tongues, and cloven Feet. Of the like nature is the Disquisition before us : It hath continu'd these hundred Years an even Debate, whether the Deportment and the Cant of our English Enthusiastick Preachers, were Possession, or Inspiration ; and a World of Argument has been drain'd on either side, perhaps to little Purpose. For, I think, it is in Life as in Tragedy, where it is held a Conviction of great Defect, both in Order and Invention, to interpose

the Assistance of preternatural Power, without an absolute and last Necessity. However, it is a Sketch of human Vanity, for every Individual to imagine the whole Universe is interested in his meanest Concern. If he hath got cleanly over a Kennel, some Angel, unseen, descended on purpose to help him by the Hand; if he hath knock'd his Head against a Post, it was the Devil, for his Sins, let loose from Hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paultry Mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a Multitude, can think it agreeable to common good Sense, that either Heaven or Hell should be put to the trouble of Influence or Inspection upon what he is about? Therefore, I am resolv'd immediately to weed this Error out of Mankind, by making it clear, that this Mytery, of venting spiritual Gifts, is nothing but a *Trade*, acquir'd by as much Instruction, and master'd by equal Practice and Application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole Process of the Operation as variously as it hath fallen under my Knowledge or Experience.

Here the whole Scheme of spiritual Mechanism was deduc'd and explain'd, with an Appearance of great reading & observation: but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.

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corrupted into Vermin, still preserving the Shape and Figure of the Mother Animal : That all Invention is form'd by the Morsure of two or more of these Animals upon certain capillary Nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three Branches spread into the Tongue, and two into the right Hand. They hold also, that these Animals are of a Constitution extremely cold ; that their Food is the Air we attract, their Excrement Phlegm ; and that what we vulgarly call Rheums, and Colds, and Distillations, is nothing else but an Epidemical Looseness, to which that little Commonwealth is very subject, from the Climate it lies under. Farther, that nothing less than a violent Heat can disentagle these Creatures from their hamated Station of Life, or give them Vigour and Humour to imprint the Marks of their little Teeth. That if the Morsure be Hexagonal, it produces Poetry ; the Circular gives Eloquence ; if the Bite hath been Conical, the Person, whose Nerve is so affected, shall be dispos'd to write upon the Politicks ; and so of the rest.

I SHALL now discourse briefly by what kind of Practices the Voice is best govern'd towards the Composition and  
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improvement of the *Spirit*; for, without a competent Skill in tuning and toning each Word, and Syllable, and Letter to their due Cadence, the whole Operation is incompleat, misses intirely of its Effect on the Hearers, and puts the Workman himself to continual Pains for new Supplies, without Success. For, it is to be understood, that in the Language of the Spirit, *Cant* and *Droning* supply the Place of *Sense* and *Reason* in the Language of Men: because, in spiritual Harangues, the Disposition of the Words according to the Art of Grammar hath not the least Use, but the Skill and Influence wholly lie in the Choice and Cadence of the Syllables; even as a discreet *Composer*, who in setting a Song, changes the Words and Order so often, that he is forc'd to make it *Nonsense* before he can make it *Musick*. For this Reason it hath been held by some, that the Art of Canting is ever in greatest Perfection, when manag'd by *Ignorance*: which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the best musical Instruments were made from the Bones of an *Ass*. And the profounder Criticks upon that Passage are of opinion, the Word in its genuine Signification means no other than a *Jaw-bone*: tho some

rather think it to have been the *Os sacrum*; but in so nice a Case I shall not take upon me to decide: the Curious are at liberry to *pick* from it whatever they please.

THE first Ingredient towards the Art of Canting is a competent Share of *inward Light*: that is to say, a large Memory, plentifully fraught with Theological Polyfyllables, and mysterious Texts from Holy Writ, apply'd and digested by those Methods and mechanical Operations already related; the Bearers of this *Light*, resembling *Lanthorns*, compact of Leaves from old *Geneva Bibles*: which Invention Sir *H——y E——n*, during his Mayoralty, of happy Memory, highly approv'd and advanc'd; affirming, the Scripture to be now fulfil'd, where it says, *Thy Word is a Lanthorn to my Feet, and a Light to my Paths.*

NOW the Art of *Canting* consists in skilfully adapting the Voice to whatever Words the Spirit delivers, that each may strike the Ears of the Audience with its most significant Cadence. The Force, or Energy of this Eloquence, is not to be found, as among antient Orators, in the Dis-

Disposition of Words to a Sentence, or the turning of long Periods; but agreeable to the Modern Refinements in Musick, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon Syllables and Letters. Thus it is frequent for a single *Vowel* to draw Sighs from a Multitude; and for a whole Assembly of Saints to sob to the Musick of one solitary *Liquid*. But these are Trifles, when even Sounds inarticulate are observ'd to produce as forcible Effects. A Master Workman shall *blow his Nose* so powerfully as to pierce the Hearts of his People, who are dispos'd to receive the *Excrements* of his Brain with the same Reverence, as the *Issue* of it. Hawking, Spitting, and Belching, the Defects of other Mens Rhetorick, are the Flowers, and Figures, and Ornaments of his. For, the *Spirit* being the same in all, it is of no import thro' what Vehicle it is convey'd.

IT is a Point of too much Difficulty to draw the Principles of this famous Art within the Compals of certain adequate Rules. However, perhaps, I may one day oblige the World with my Critical Essay upon the Art of *Canting*, *Philosophically*, *Physically*, and *Musically* consider'd.

BUT, among all Improvements of the Spirit, wherein the Voice hath born a Part, there is none to be compar'd with that of *conveying the Sound thro the Nose*, which under the Denomination of *Snuffling* hath pass'd with so great Applause in the World. The Originals of this Institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the Mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the World, I shall deliver as direct a Relation as I can.

THIS Art, like many other famous Inventions, ow'd its Birth, or at least Improvement and Perfection, to an Effect of Chance; but was establish'd upon solid Reasons, and hath flourish'd in this Island ever since, with great Lustre. All agree, that it first appear'd upon the Decay and Discouragement of *Bagpipes*, which having long suffer'd under the mortal Hatred of the *Brethren*, totter'd for a Time, and at last fell with *Monarchy*. The Story is thus related.

AS yet, *Snuffling* was not; when the following Adventure happen'd to a *Banbury Saint*. Upon a certain Day, while he was far engag'd among the Tabernacles of the *Wicked*, he felt the Outward Man  
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put into odd Commotions, and strangely prick'd forward by the Inward : an Effect very usual among the Modern inspir'd. For some think, that the *Spirit* is apt to feed on the *Flesh*, like hungry Wines upon raw Beef. Others rather believe there is a perpetual Game at *Leap-Frog* between both; and sometimes the *Flesh* is uppermost, and sometimes the *Spirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the State of a *Rider*, wears huge *Rippon* Spurs, and when it comes to the turn of being *Bearer* is wonderfully head-strong, and hard-mouth'd. However, it came about, the *Saint* felt his *Vessel* full *extended* in every Part (a very natural Effect of strong *Inspiration*;) and the Place and Time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the Convenience of evacuating upwards; by Repetition, Prayer, or Lecture; he was forc'd to open an inferiour Vent. In short, he wrestled with the *Flesh* so long, that he at length subdu'd it, coming off with honourable Wounds, all *before*. The Surgeon had now cur'd the Parts, primarily affected; but the Disease driven from its Post, flew up into his Head: and, as a skilful General, valiantly attack'd in his Trenches, and beaten from the Field, by flying Marches withdraws to the capital City, breaking down the Bridges.

Bridges to prevent Dispute; so the Disease, repel'd from its first Station, fled before the *Rod of Hermes* to the upper Region, there fortifying it self; but finding the *Foe* making Attacks at the *Nose*, broke down the *Bridg*, and retir'd to the *Head Quarters*. Now the Naturalists observe, that there is in human Noses an *Idiosyncrasy*, by virtue of which, the more the Passage is obstructed, the more our Speech delights to go thro, as the Musick of a Flagelate is made by the *Stops*. By this Method the Twang of the Nose becomes perfectly to resemble the *Snauffle* of a Bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *British* Ears; whereof the Saint had sudden Experience, by practising his new Faculty with wonderful Success in the Operation of the *Spirit*: For in a short time no Doctrine pass'd for sound and orthodox, unless it were deliver'd thro the Nose. Strait every Pastor copy'd after this Original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a Perfection, spirited by a noble Zeal, made use of the same Experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirm'd, the *Saints* owe their Empire to the *snauffling* of one *Animal*, as *Darius* did his to the *neighing* of another; and both Stratagems were perform'd by  
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the same Art : for we read,  
 how the \* *Persian Beast* ac- \* *Herodot.*  
 quir'd his Faculty, by co-  
 vering a Mare the Day before.

I SHOULD now have done, if I  
 were not convinc'd, that whatever I have  
 yet advanc'd upon this Subject, is liable  
 to great Exception: For allowing all I  
 have said to be true, it may still be justly  
 objected, that there is in the Common-  
 wealth of *artificial Enthusiasm*, some real  
 Foundation for Art to work upon in the  
 Temper and Complexion of Individuals,  
 which other Mortals seem to want. Ob-  
 serve but the Gesture, the Motion and  
 the Countenance of some choice Profes-  
 sors, tho in the most familiar Actions,  
 you will find them of a different Race  
 from the rest of human Creatures. Re-  
 mark your commonest Pretender to a  
 Light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and  
 gloomy he is *without*: As Lanthorns,  
 which the more Light they bear in their  
 Bodies, cast out so much the more Soot,  
 and Smoke, the fuliginous Matter to ad-  
 here to the Sides. Listen but to their or-  
 dinary Talk, and look on the Mouth  
 that delivers it, you will imagine you  
 are hearing some antient Oracle, and  
 your Understanding will be *equally* in-  
 form'd.

form'd. Upon these, and the like Reasons; certain Objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural *Spirit*, possessing the Heads of the modern Saints; and some will have it to be the *Heat* of Zeal, working upon the *Dregs* of Ignorance, as other *Spirits* are produc'd from *Lees*, by the Force of Fire. Some again think; that when our earthly Tabernacles are disorder'd and disolate, shaken and out of Repair, the *Spirit* delights to dwell within them; as Houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to Decay.

TO set this Matter in as fair a Light as possible, I shall here, very briefly, deduce the History of *Fanaticism*, from the most early Ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental Point, wherein the chief Professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great Seed or Principle of the *Spirit*.

THE most early Traces we meet with of *Fanaticks*, in antient Story, are among the *Egyptians*, who instituted those Rites, known in *Greece* by the names of  
*Orgya*,

*Orgya*, *Panegyres* and *Dionysia* ; whether introduc'd there by *Orpheus* or *Melampus*; we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future. These Feasts were celebrated to the Honour of *Osyris*, whom the *Grecians* call'd *Dyonisus*, and is the same with *Bacchus* : Which has betray'd some superficial Readers to imagine, that the whole Business was nothing more than a Set of roaring scouring Companions, overcharg'd with Wine; but this is a scandalous Mistake, foisted on the World by a sort of modern Authors, who have too literal an Understanding; and because Antiquity is to be trac'd backwards, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their Books at the wrong End, as if Learning were a sort of *Conjuring*. These are the Men who pretend to understand a Book, by scouting thro the *Index* ; as if a Traveller should go about to describe a *Palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *Privy* ; or like certain Fortune-tellers in *Northern America*, who have a way of reading a Man's Destiny by peeping in his *Breech*; For at the time of instituting these Mysteries,\* there was not one Vine in all *Egypt*, the Natives drinking nothing but *Ale*;

*Diod. Sic. l. 1.  
Plut. de Iside &  
Osyride.*

\* *Hærod. l. 2.*



*Ale*; which Liquor seems to have been far more antient than Wine, and has the Honour of owing its Invention and Progress, not only to the † *Egyptian Osyris*, but to the

† *Diod. Sic.*  
l. 1. & 3.

*Grecian Bacchus*, who in their famous Expedition, carry'd the Receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the Nations they visited or subdu'd. Besides, *Bacchus* himself was very seldom or never drunk; for it is recorded of him,

\* *Id. lib. 4.*

That he was the first \* Inventor of the *Mitre*, which he wore continually on his Head (as the whole Company of *Bacchanals* did) to prevent Vapours and the Head-ach, after hard Drinking. And for this Reason (say some) the *Scarlet Whore*, when she makes the Kings of the Earth drunk with her Cup of Abomination, is always sober her self, tho she never balks the Glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her Legs by the virtue of her *Triple Mitre*. Now these Feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous Expedition *Osyris* made thro the World, and of the Company that attended him, whereof the *Bacchanalian* Ceremonies were so many Types and Symbols. From which account it is manifest,

See the Particulars in *Diod. Sic. lib. 1. & 3.*

fest, that the Fanatiek Rites of these *Bacchanals* cannot be imputed to Intoxications by Wine, but must needs have had a deeper Foundation. What this was, we may gather large Hints from certain Circumstances in the Course of their Mysteries. For, in the first place, there was, in their Processions, an entire *Mixture and Confusion of Sexes*; they affected to ramble about Hills and Desarts; their Garlands were of *Ivy* and *Vine*, Emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *Fir*, the Parent of *Turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *Satyrs*, were attended by *Goats*, and rode upon *Asses*, all Companions of great Skill and Practice in Affairs of Gallantry. They bore for their Ensigns certain curious Figures, perch'd upon long Poles, made into the Shape and Size of the *Virga genitalis*, with its *Appurtenances*; which were so many Shadows and Emblems of the whole Mystery, as well as Trophies set up by the Female Conquerors. Lastly, in a certain Town of *Attica*, the whole Solemnity, \* stript of all its Types, was perform'd in *puris naturalibus*, the Votaries not flying in Coveys, but sorted into Couples. The same may be farther conjectur'd from the Death of *Orpheus*, one of the

Institu-

\* *Dionysie  
Brauronia.*

Institutions of these Mysteries, who was  
 torn in Pieces by Women,  
 \* *Vid. Phetium* because he refus'd to \* *com-*  
*in excerptis e* *municate his Orgyes* to  
*Conone.* them ; which others ex-  
 plain'd, by telling us, he had *castrated*  
 himself upon Grief, for the Loss of his  
 Wife.

OMITTING many other of less  
 Note, the next *Fanaticks* we meet with  
 of any Eminence, were the numerous  
 Sects of *Hereticks* appearing in the five  
 first Centuries of the *Christian Era*,  
 from *Simon Magus* and his Followers, to  
 those of *Eutyches*. I have collected their  
 Systems from infinite Reading ; and com-  
 paring them with those of their Successors  
 in the several Ages since, I find there  
 are certain Bounds set even to the Irregu-  
 larities of human Thought, and those a  
 great deal narrower than is commonly  
 apprehended. For as they all frequently  
 interfere, even in their wildest Ravings,  
 so there is one fundamental Point, where-  
 in they are sure to meet, as Lines in a  
 Center, and that is the *Community of Wo-*  
*men.* Great were their Sollicitudes in  
 this Matter, and they never fail'd of cer-  
 tain Articles in their Schemes of Wor-  
 ship, on purpose to establish it.

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THE last *Fanaticks* of Note were those which started up in *Germany* a little after the *Reformation* of *Luther*, springing as *Muskrooms* do at the *End of a Harvest*; such were *John of Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuster*, and many others, whose *Visions* and *Revelations* always terminated in *leading about half a dozen Sisters a-piece*, and making that practice a fundamental Part of their System. For Human Life is a continual Navigation; and if we expect our *Vessels* to pass with Safety, thro the Waves and Tempests of this fluctuating World, it is necessary to make a good Provision of the *Flesh*, as Seamen lay in store of *Beef* for a long Voyage.

NOW from this brief Survey of some principal Sects among the *Fanaticks* in all Ages (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the Argument I am about ) to which I might add several among our selves; such as the *Family of Love*, *Sweet Singers of Israel*, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental Point in their Doctrines about *Women*, wherein they have so unanimously agreed: I am apt to imagine, that the Seed or Principle, which has

has ever put Men upon *Visions* in things *invisible*, is of a corporeal Nature: For the profounder Chymists inform us, that the strongest *Spirits* may be extracted from *Human Flesh*. Besides, the Spinal Marrow being nothing else but a Continuation of the Brain, must needs create a very free Communication between the superior Faculties, and those below: And thus the *Thorn in the Flesh* serves for a *Spur* to the *Spirit*. I think, it is agreed among Physicians, that nothing affects the Head so much as a tentigenous Humour, repel'd and elated to the upper Region, found by daily Practice to run frequently up into Madness. A very eminent Member of the Faculty assur'd me, that when the *Quakers* first appear'd, he seldom was without some Female Patients among them, for the *furor* \* \* \* Persons of a visionary Devotion, either Men or Women, are in their Complexion, of all others, the most amorous: For *Zeal* is frequently kindled from the same Spark with other Fires, and from inflaming Brotherly Love, will proceed to raise that of a Gallant. If we inspect into the usual Process of modern Courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout Turn of the Eyes, call'd *Ogling*; an artificial Form of Canting, and Whining by rote, every Interval,



terval, for want of other Matter, made up with a Shrug, or a Hum, a Sigh or a Groan; the Stile compact of insignificant Words, Incoherences and Repetition: These, I take, to be the most accomplish'd Rules of Address to a Mistress; and where are these perform'd with more Dexterity than by the *Saints*? Nay, to bring this Argument yet closer, I have been inform'd by certain sanguine Brethren of the first Class, that in the height and *Orgasmus* of their spiritual Exercise, it has been frequent with them \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* ; immediately after which they found the *Spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the Nerves, and they were forc'd to hasten to a Conclusion. This may be farther strengthen'd, by observing, with wonder, how unaccountably all Females are attracted by Visionary or Enthusiastick Preachers, tho never so contemptible in their *outward Mien*; which is usually suppos'd to be done upon Considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal Regards at all. But I have Reason to think the *Sex* hath certain Characteristicks, by which they form a truer Judgment of human Abilities and Performings, than we our selves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual  
 tual

tual Intrigues begin, they generally conclude, like all others; they may branch upwards towards Heaven, but the Root is in the Earth. Too intense a Contemplation is not the Business of Flesh and Blood; it must by the necessary Course of Things, in a little time, let go its Hold, and fall into *Matter*. Lovers, for the sake of Celestial Converse, are but another sort of *Platonicks*, who pretend to see Stars and Heaven in Ladies Eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same *Pit* is provided for both, and they seem a perfect Moral to the Story of that Philosopher, who while his Thoughts and Eyes were fix'd upon the *Constellations*, found himself seduc'd by his *lower Parts* into a *Ditch*.

I H A D somewhat more to say upon this Part of the Subject; but the Post is just going, which forces me in great Haste to conclude,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

*Pray burn this Letter  
as soon as it comes  
to your Hands.*

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